

No 2

Adventures into the

UNKNOWN!

10¢

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JAN.



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UNIVERSE.COM**

Figure Specialist Says:

STREAMLINE

the appearance of
YOUR FIGURE
INSTANTLY



"STREAMLINE makes me feel like sixteen again, it slenderizes my waist-line and does wonders for my figure. It's the most comfortable I ever had." Mrs. J. H. Spencer, San Francisco, California.

appear inches *slimmer at once*
and Feel Like **SIXTEEN AGAIN** with

STREAMLINE



"STREAMLINE fits better and feels better than any supporter I ever had, with STREAMLINE I can wear a smaller size skirt." Mrs. T. Walsh, Long Island City, N. Y.

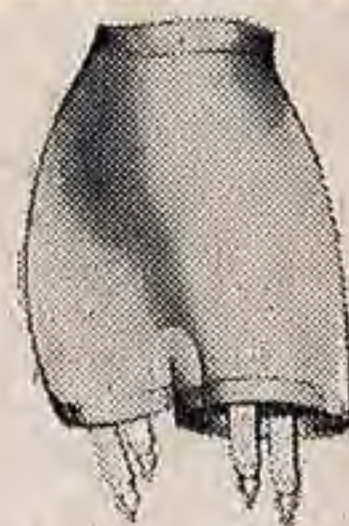
"STREAMLINE made me look like, feel like and almost made me believe I was 16 again."—Mrs. J. H., New York City, N. Y. Yes, many people write us that they look better, feel better, mentally and physically, the instant they begin wearing the new and improved STREAMLINE! It lifts up dragging, sagging abdomen because STREAMLINE is a controlling, slenderizing, supporting belt which brings invigorating mid-section comfort.

FEEL AND LOOK YOUNG INSTANTLY!

STREAMLINE is a pleasure to wear. You'll enjoy its energizing all day support. It's comfortable and does wonders for your figure. STREAMLINE'S new two-way stretch makes it easy to slip on and off — yet it has a BUILT-IN slenderizing feature and is made to LAST and LAST! It's very light in weight and amazingly strong — so you get energy giving comfort.

NEW KIND OF TWO-WAY STRETCH

STREAMLINE is made of a new kind of amazing POST-WAR material that makes its two-way stretch ability more comfortable, yet more slenderizing when you wear it. Washing actually preserves its strength. Comes in a beautiful natural NUDE color and white. With STREAMLINE you get the same fit, comfort and slenderizing look that you would expect from a made-to-order garment costing many times as much. INCHES seem to DISAPPEAR INSTANTLY when you step into STREAMLINE. It smooths and lifts your bulging tummy, lending prompt and comfortable support to weakened abdominal muscles. STREAMLINE is made to give you maximum amount of freedom of movement and comfort when you bend, sit, recline or do any kind of work. STREAMLINE helps to harmonize your figure to more stylish lines. It lifts your tummy into shape, flattens it out, yet you feel amazingly comfortable. It gives you all day comfort, no matter how much you bend, stretch or sit — it is scientifically designed to give you a healthful figure.



STREAMLINE is made from size 25 waist to size 40 waist in both the pantie and girdle. Don't deny yourself the STREAMLINE that flattens your figure.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE WITH 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

Try STREAMLINE for 10 days. If you are not thrilled with results, if you don't feel and look slimmer instantly, if your clothes don't look better on you, if it's not the best fitting, most comfortable supporter you ever had, return it and your money will be refunded.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

STREAMLINE CO., Dept. K, 871 Broad Street, Newark, New Jersey

Rush to me the STREAMLINE SLENDERIZING GIRDLE indicated below. I enclose \$
cash, check or money order. My money will be refunded if I am not 100% satisfied. My height is

- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> PANTY GIRDLE in Nude. | <input type="checkbox"/> in White | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> REGULAR GIRDLE in Nude. | <input type="checkbox"/> in White | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Small 25-26 Waist; | <input type="checkbox"/> Medium 27-28; | <input type="checkbox"/> Large 29-30 at \$3.98 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Circle waist size; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, at \$4.98 each | | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Send | extra crotches at 49c each | |

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

SENT ON APPROVAL

KILL, PUPPETS, KILL!

OUT OF THE TERROR-SHADOWED PAST COME MONSTROUS FIGURES OF EVIL... WITH DEATH IN THEIR EVERY MOVE! PUPPETS... DEADLY MARIONETTES... FIENDISH CREATURES WITHOUT SOULS... MOVED BY AN UNDYING HATRED WHICH STRUCK THROUGH THE CENTURIES!

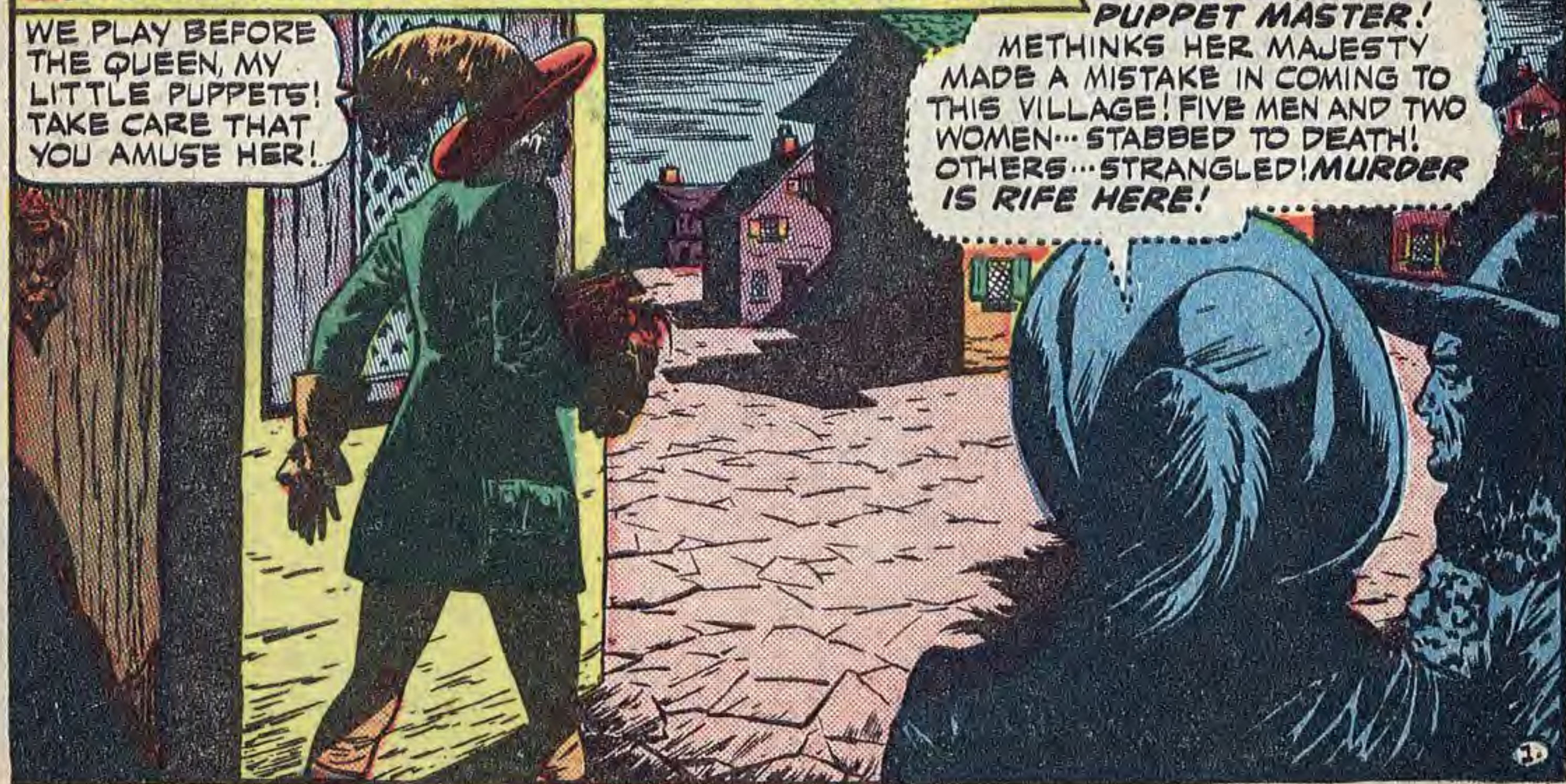


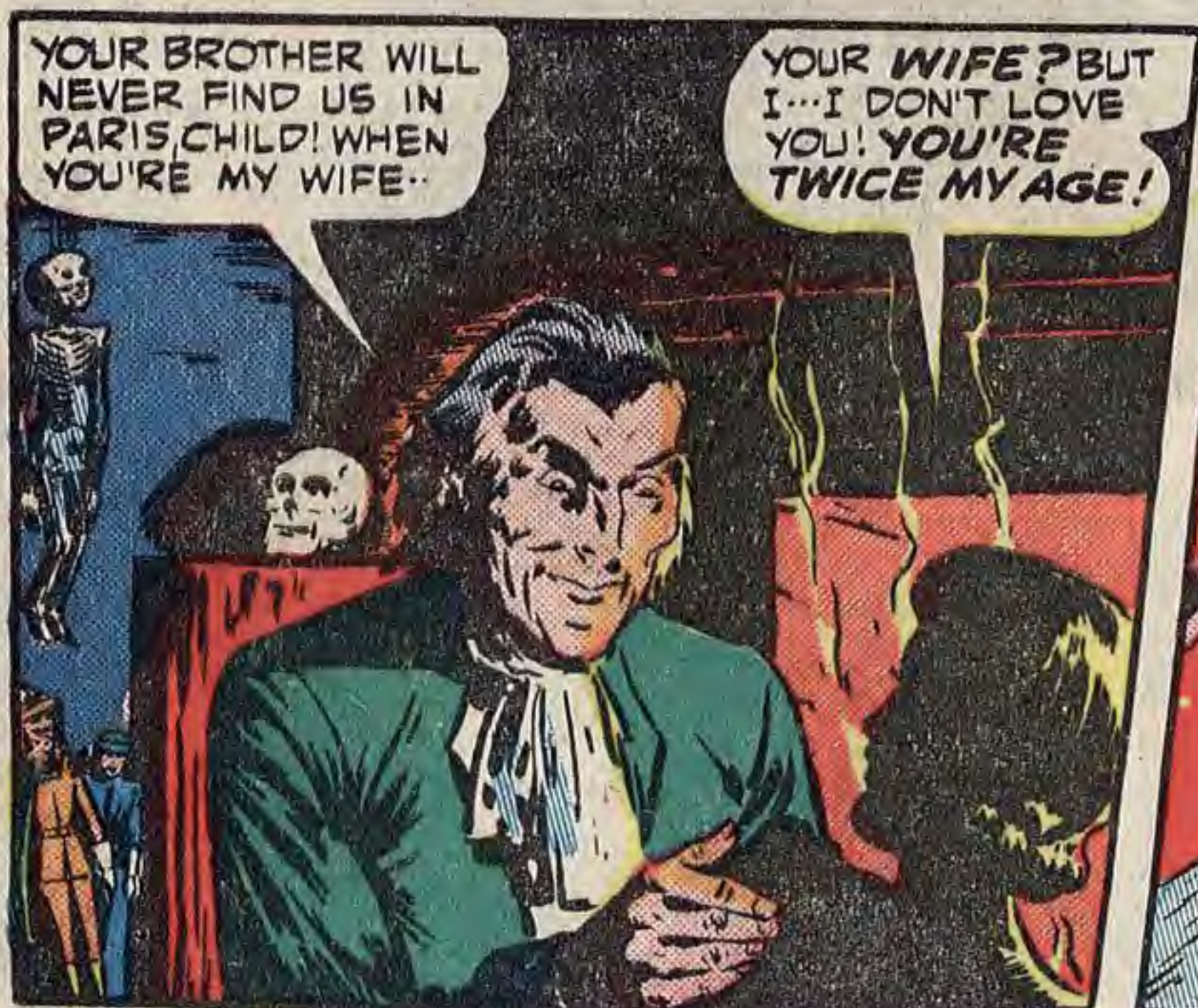
OUR STORY HAS ITS BEGINNING IN SIXTEENTH CENTURY FRANCE...

WE PLAY BEFORE THE QUEEN, MY LITTLE PUPPETS! TAKE CARE THAT YOU AMUSE HER!

IT'S TURGOT... THE PUPPET MASTER!

METHINKS HER MAJESTY MADE A MISTAKE IN COMING TO THIS VILLAGE! FIVE MEN AND TWO WOMEN... STABBED TO DEATH! OTHERS... STRANGLED! MURDER IS RIFE HERE!







JEANNE! JEANNE!
SHE'S BREATHING!

OHHH...



REST, SISTER! YOU'RE
SAFE NOW! BUT THERE'S
SOMETHING I MUST DO
BEFORE WE LEAVE!



AS THE FLAMES CRACKLE AND SOAR...

WE'VE SEEN THE LAST OF THE LITTLE
MONSTERS! I KNOW NOW WHO PLANNED
THE HIDEOUS MURDERS WHICH STRUCK
A CHILL TO US ALL! TURGOT MUST
HAVE ORDERED THE PUPPETS TO
SLAY... TO SATISFY THE CRUELTY
AND MONSTROUS EVIL IN HIS
NATURE! AND WITH HIS DEATH...
THEY'RE HELPLESS!

THAT WITCH!
YOU'D
THINK SHE
WERE BURN-
ING AT THE
STAKE!



BUT AS THE NIGHT WANES...

AHHHH! MY BODY... PASSED INTO
DEATH! MY PUPPETS... BURNED!
BUT I WILL LIVE AGAIN! I HAVE
THE WILL AND THE STRENGTH...
AND THIS HOUSE IS MINE! MY
GHOST SHALL GUARD IT
WELL!



THE GHOST OF A DEAD MAN...
FILLED WITH AN UNDYING HATE!

COME FORTH FROM THE EMBERS, MY
LITTLE ONES! MY MAGIC MADE YOU LIVE
...MY MAGIC CAN RAISE YOU FROM ASHES!
YOU WILL BE GHOSTS, BUT YOU WILL KNOW
HOW TO KILL... AT MY BIDDING!



AH! THE STRANGLER HAS LOST NONE
OF HIS SKILL... AND THE WITCH IS
GLARING! THEY WILL DWELL WITH ME
AND PROTECT MY HOUSE... UNTIL DUST
CHOKES THE ROOMS
AND THE VERY STONES
CRUMBLE!





1948!
RALPH, WHAT A *WONDERFUL* OLD HOUSE! IT FRIGHTENS ME A LITTLE, BUT...IT FASCINATES ME TOO! HOW MUCH WOULD IT COST TO HAVE IT TAKEN DOWN, AND SHIPPED BACK TO AMERICA?

A SMALL FORTUNE! I'M NOT EXACTLY A PAUPER, GLORIA, BUT...



WE'RE ON OUR HONEYMOON, DEAREST! SURELY WE CAN AFFORD *ONE* EXTRAVAGANCE! WE CAN USE IT AS AN EXTRA GUEST HOUSE...

SHE'S THE *LIVING IMAGE* OF JEANNE! SHE MIGHT BE THE VERY GIRL I LOVED... COME BACK TO ME!



A WEEK LATER... THE STREET RESOUNDS TO THE CLANG OF HAMMERS!

I...I'M AFRAID OF WHAT WE DO! THEY SAY A *MURDEROUS* DEVIL LIVED HERE ONCE! HE MADE LITTLE WOODEN DOLLS THAT *KILLED!* IF HIS *GHOST* STILL WALKS...

LISTEN! I...I THOUGHT I HEARD A *GROAN*...FROM THE CELLAR!



THEN...ON A STEAMSHIP BOUND FOR AMERICA...

YOUR HOUSE IS BELOW DECKS, GLORIA! HAPPY?

AND HOW, DARLING! SHALL WE CALL IT A NIGHT?



AT THAT MOMENT...

ARE YOU RESTLESS, MY LITTLE ONES? IT HAS BEEN LONG SINCE YOU TASTED BLOOD! *THIS IS YOUR MOMENT!*



THERE'S A FOG COMING UP! LOOKS LIKE STORMY WEATHER AHEAD!

WHA...? LIVING
MARIONETTES! NO
...NO...IT CAN'T
BE!



WITH AWFUL MALICE...THE GHOSTLY
PUPPETS SLAY!



DON'T WANT TO TELL
RALPH...I LOST A
DIAMOND EAR-RING!
HE'LL BE A DEAR
ABOUT IT... BUT IF I
CAN FIND IT BEFORE
HE...W-WHAT'S
THAT?



AHHHHH!

OH,
N-NO!



ESCAPING THE GHOST'S
DREAD CLUTCH...

STEADY,
DARLING!
STEADY...

AS THE TERRIFIED GIRL TURNS...

GET AWAY
FROM ME!
HELP!
HELP!

MY LOST LOVE!
I'VE COME BACK
TO YOU!



I TELL YOU...I SAW
IT WITH MY OWN EYES!
A MAN LYING DEAD AND...
HORRIBLE LITTLE DOLLS
STABBING AT HIM, SWARM-
ING ALL OVER HIM! THEN
SOMETHING COLD CAME
AT ME! I BROKE AWAY
AND RAN!



Next morning...AS THE STEAMSHIP DOCKS...

A BRUTAL MURDER AT SEA...AND A PLAYBOY'S WIFE INSISTING THERE'S A GHOST MIXED UP IN IT! PUPPETS TOO... GHOST PUPPETS! BOY! WHAT A STORY!

HER HUSBAND'S BRINGING BACK AN OLD FRENCH CHATEAU OR SOMETHING! DO YOU SUPPOSE THERE'S ANY CONNECTION?



WHY DID YOU TELL THOSE REPORTERS I SAW NOTHING THAT COULDN'T BE EXPLAINED? WHY... WHY? DO YOU THINK I'D LIE TO YOU?

OF COURSE NOT, DARLING! YOU'VE BEEN UNDER A GREAT NERVOUS STRAIN... THAT'S ALL!



AND IN THE BYWAYS OF A QUIET VILLAGE...TERROR STRIKES 'ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT...

A MONTH LATER...ON RALPH WELLMAN'S COUNTRY ESTATE...FOUR LITTLE SHADOWS CREEP ACROSS A MOON-LIT LAWN...MOCKING A STUBBORN MAN'S REFUSAL TO BELIEVE! FROM THE REBUILT HOUSE...



H-HELP!

YAGGH!

GET BACK, YE EVIL THINGS!

THE FOLLOWING EVENING...

WHAT'S KEEPING RALPH? HE PROMISED TO PHONE IF THE CORONER'S JURY COULDN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT HIM! WHY WAS HE SO ANXIOUS TO BE OF HELP? DOES HE SUSPECT MORE THAN HE DARES ADMIT... EVEN TO HIMSELF? DOES HE...W-WHY, THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE OLD HOUSE!



AT THE RE-CONSTRUCTED DWELLING...

IT'S RALPH! HE'S SITTING IN A CHAIR WITH HIS BACK TO THE WINDOW! I CAN'T SEE HIS FACE!



AT THAT INSTANT... WITHIN

HE'S ASLEEP! WHEN HE DIES...MY LOST LOVE WILL COME BACK TO ME!







THERE'S ONE THING YOU
FEAR...AND ONLY ONE
THING! FIRE! FIRE CAN
DESTROY YOU!



BURN,
PUPPETS
...BURN!

A
FLAME
THROWER!
AHHHH!

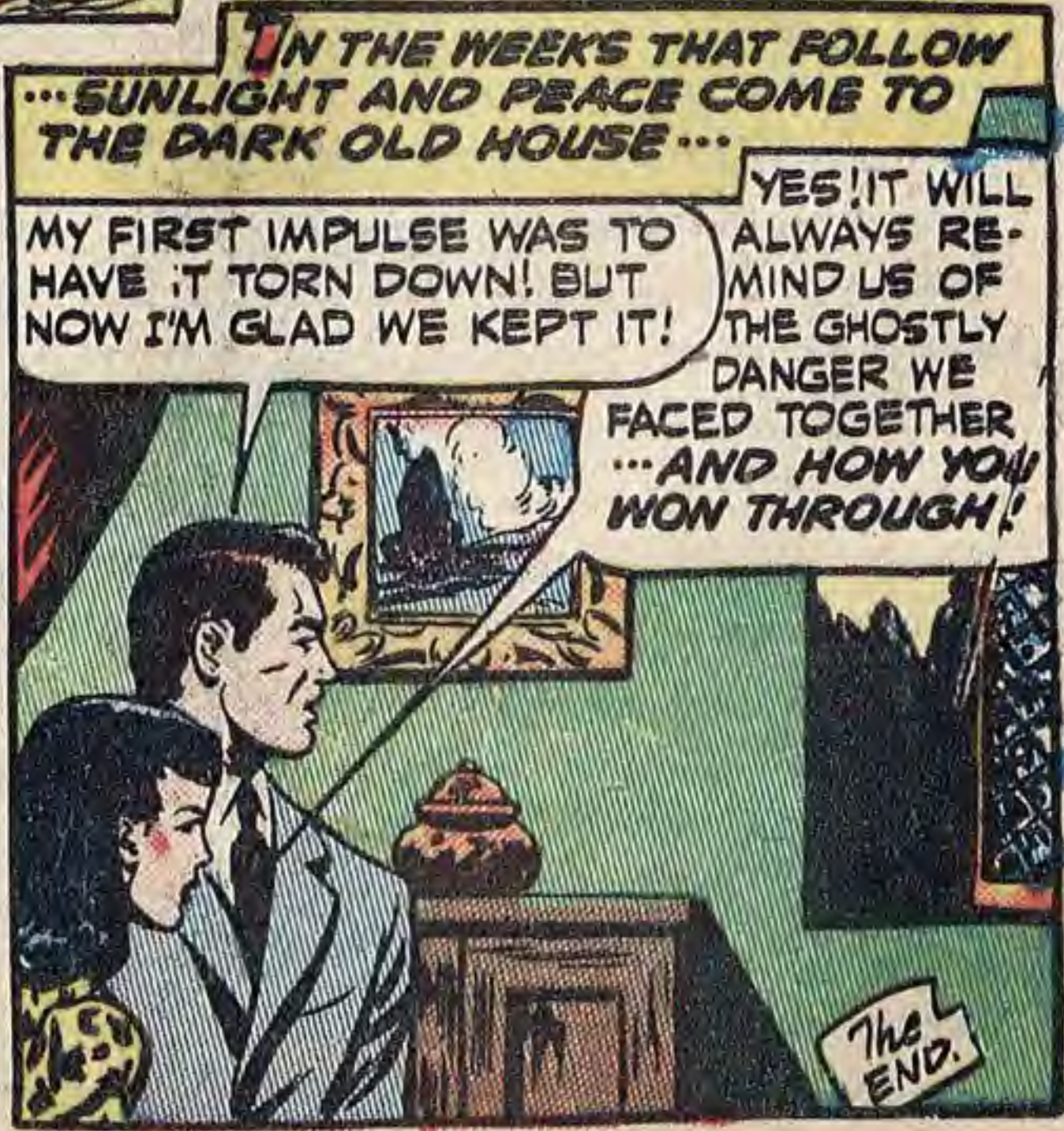


THE FLAMES CONSUMED
THEM! DEVoured THEM
LIKE AN ACID WASH! THEY
DID HAVE A KIND OF
FLESHLY SUBSTANCE...
THOUGH THEY WERE
GHOSTS! LOOK, GLORIA!
SEE THAT MOUND OF
ASH!



FORTUNATELY, I HAD TIME TO READ
UP ABOUT GHOSTS OF THIS TYPE...
AND LEARNED THAT FIRE COULD
PURGE THEM! THAT NEW MINIATURE
FLAME PISTOL DID THE JOB!

OH,
RALPH!



IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOW
...SUNLIGHT AND PEACE COME TO
THE DARK OLD HOUSE...

MY FIRST IMPULSE WAS TO
HAVE IT TORN DOWN! BUT
NOW I'M GLAD WE KEPT IT!

YES! IT WILL
ALWAYS RE-
MIND US OF
THE GHOSTLY
DANGER WE
FACED TOGETHER
...AND HOW YOU
WON THROUGH!

The
END.

THE MERMAID MOLE

TOM JENSON might have been good-looking, except for the strange and disfiguring birthmark which crossed his right cheek. It was a prominent mole, which, oddly enough, was shaped in the exact form of a mermaid. He was sensitive about it, and resented the vicious derision which Steve Miller constantly threw his way. Finally, one morning, when Miller attempted to fasten the nickname "Mermaid" upon his victim in front of a large group of people, he learned that he had gone too far. Jenson lost his temper—and Miller absorbed a savage beating!

Steve Miller never forgave his conqueror, and his hatred for him grew. The one thing he wanted was to get even. He hit on a scheme to bring him his revenge and a goodly sum of money. It required stealing Jenson's elaborately initialed hunting knife, which he managed. Then, one night, he stole to the cottage where Rick Andrews, an elderly and wealthy recluse, dwelt alone. There was none to hear the old man's shriek—none to observe the flight of the thief and murderer.

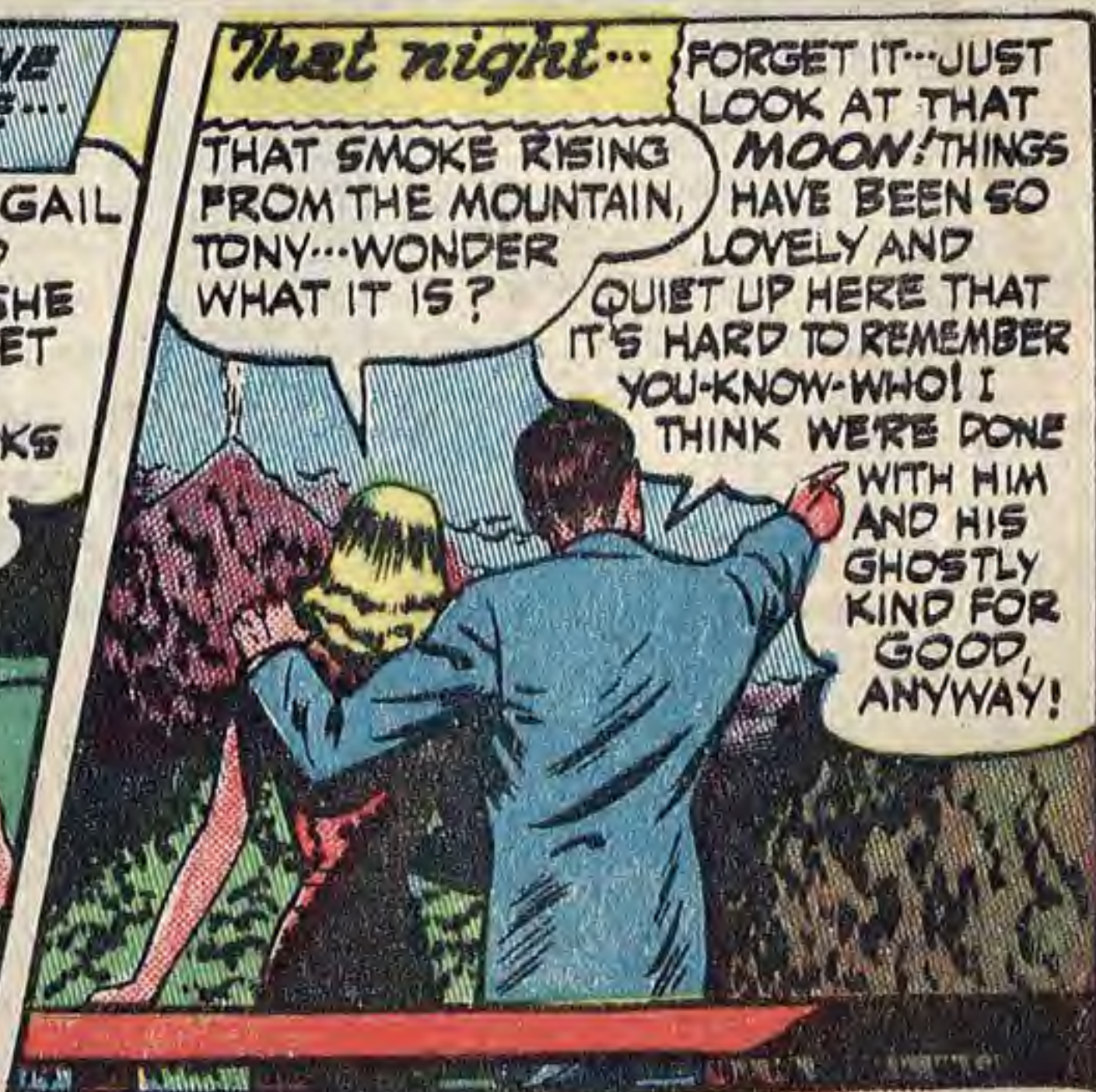
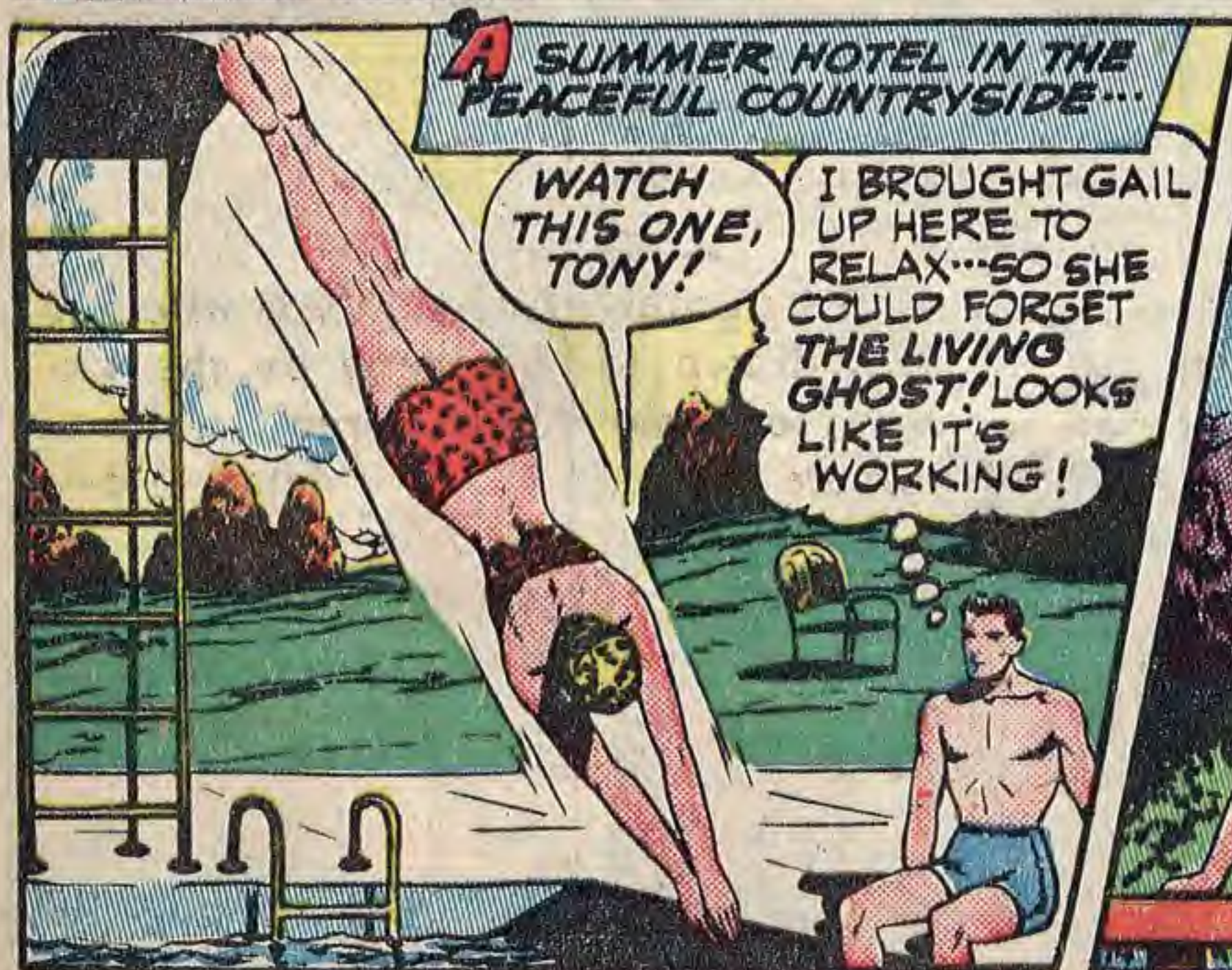
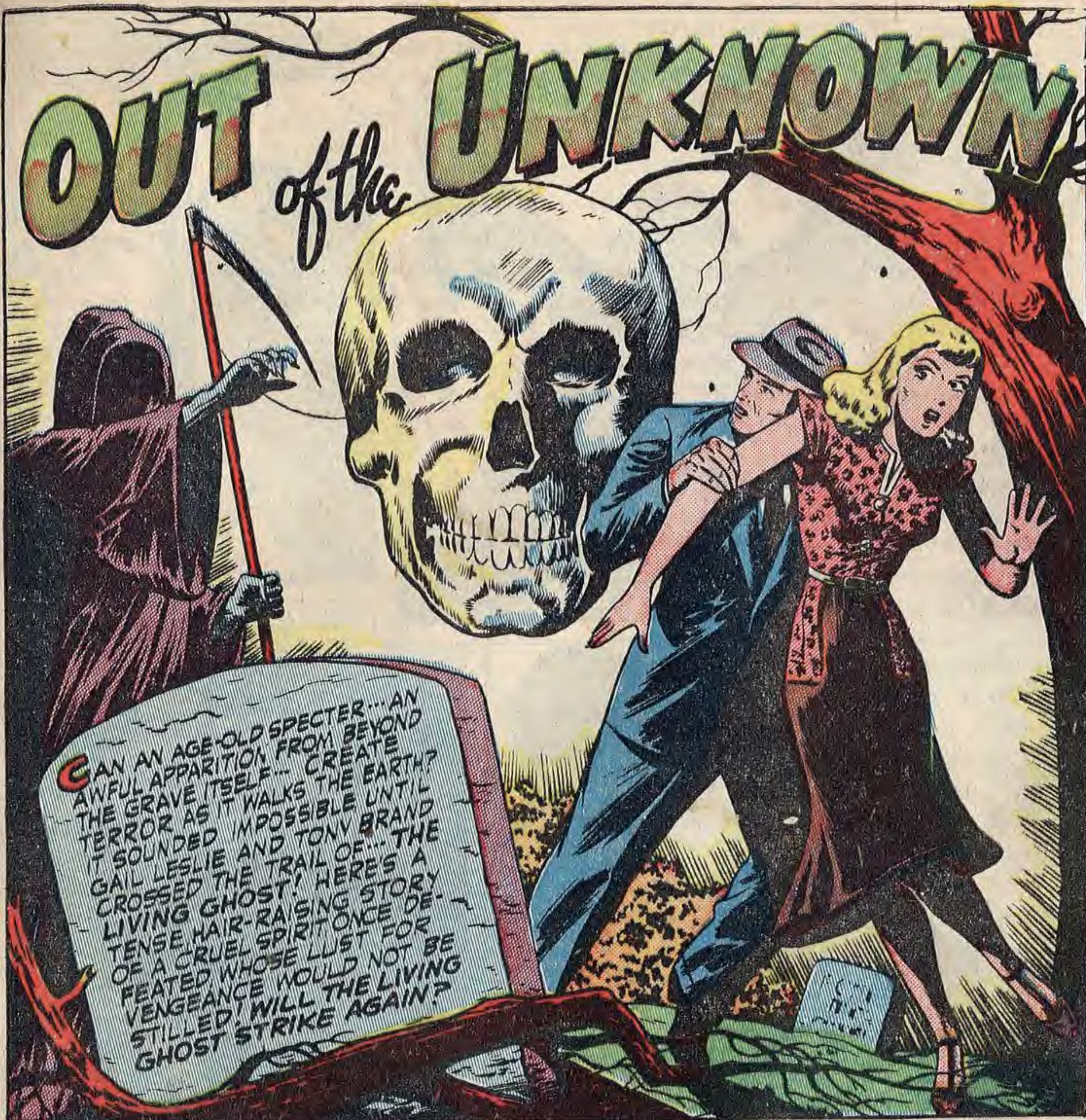
Tom Jenson stood trial for the crime. To the evidence of his knife was added Miller's testimony that he had seen him stealing away from the old Andrews home, and that he had fled upon being hailed. The proof seemed clear—he was convicted and sentenced to hang. It took two policemen to hold him as he tried to spring upon Miller. As he was being led away, he turned, his face a mask of hate; his mermaid mole livid. "You're not getting away with this, Miller!" he choked. "No matter what happens—I'm going to get you for it!"

Jenson's execution was a month off. For Miller, this spelled thirty days of sheer terror. True, his enemy was a

condemned prisoner—but a man moved by a giant hatred. Supposing he escaped? The panic-laden hours crawled by slowly, but finally the fatal day dawned. Jenson was to be hanged at eight that evening, and as Miller watched the clock tick away the final moments, a growing exultation seized him. Seven—seven-thirty—seven-fifty—*eight o'clock!* An exuberant yell burst from Miller's lips. He was free at last—free of danger, free of the man he hated, free to spend the money he had stolen from old Andrews! He stamped joyously about the bedroom of the large hotel in which he had installed himself for safety until Jenson was executed, then paused. What was that knocking at the door?

He threw the door open, squinting into the shadowy corridor. He couldn't make out the features of the man who stood in the gloom. Then, suddenly, his eyes widened. "No!" he shrieked. "Keep out!" His voice trailed off in a gurgle as steel-like fingers fastened about his throat in a deathlike grip.

Next day, the papers carried two big news stories. One told of the execution of Tom Jenson, which had taken place on schedule at eight o'clock the night before. The other reported the mysterious death, at eight-fifteen, of Steve Miller. His murderer, the reports said, had with strange facility eluded a group of hotel guests who had been drawn to the scene by the victim's screams. They weren't able to provide the police with a detailed description of the man, but all agreed on one point. There was something strange about him—a strange and disfiguring birthmark which crossed his right cheek. The light had fallen upon it as he fled. It was a prominent mole, shaped in the form of a mermaid.





CORRECTION, TONY...YOU'RE NOT THROUGH WITH HIM YET! REMEMBER THAT SMOKING MOUNTAIN NEARBY? LET'S LOOK IN ON IT AND MEET ... THE LIVING GHOST HIMSELF!

TOO LONG HAVE I BIDED MY TIME! THIS NIGHT... REVENGE SHALL BE MINE!



And later...WHEN GAIL REACHES HER ROOM...

WE WAITED FOR THIS MOMENT!

OH, N-NO! HELP! HELP!



IN ANSWER TO HER SCREAMS...

THE LIVING GHOST!! LET HER GO, YOU...

SO! YOU AGAIN!

POW!



YOU'VE CROSSED ME FOR THE LAST TIME!

CRASH!



LOOKS LIKE THERE WAS A FIGHT IN MISS LESLIE'S ROOM, SIR ...AND SHE'S GONE!

HMMM...AND THIS MAN THROWN HERE AS IF BY SOME GIANT, SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH! WE'D BETTER CALL THE SHERIFF!

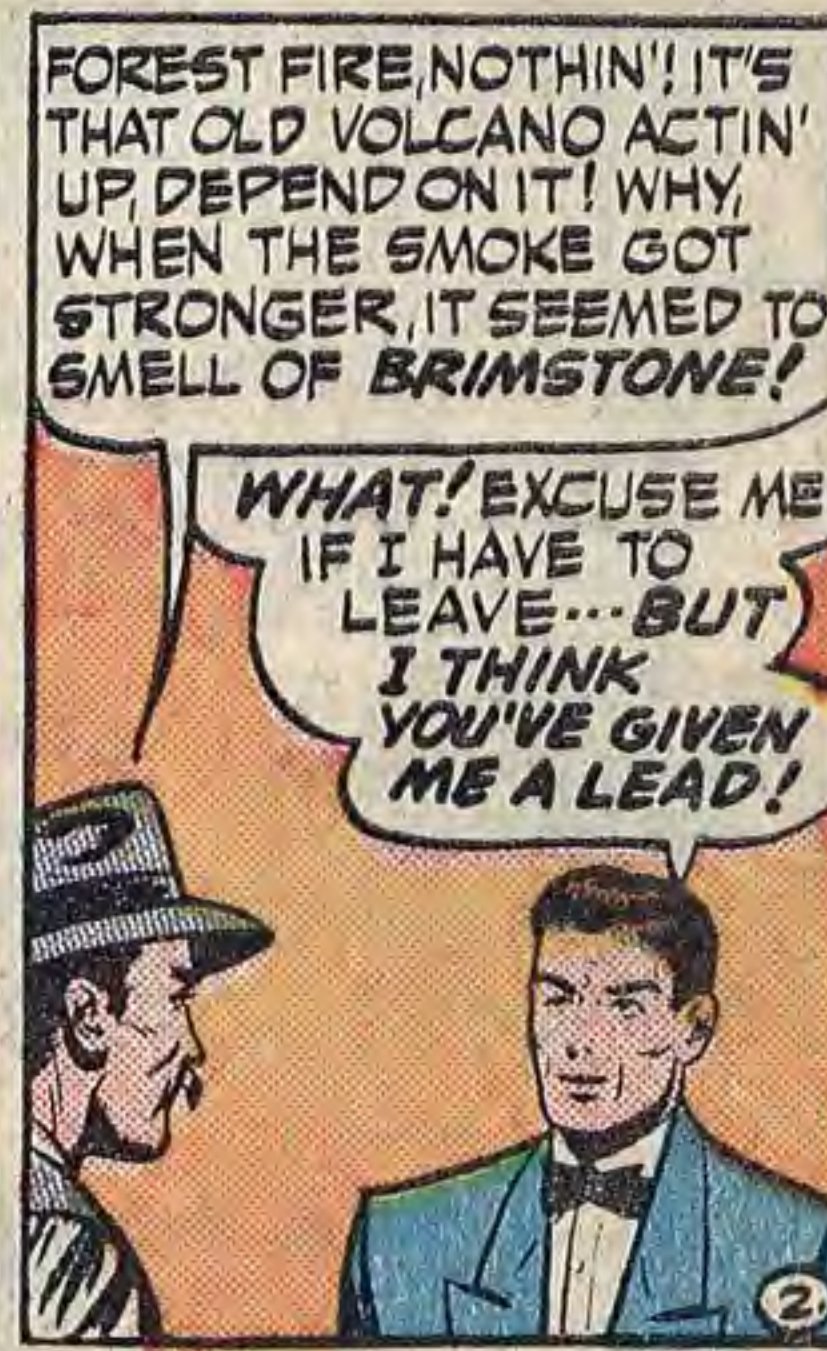


MORNING...TONY HAS RECOVERED BUT THE SEARCH FOR GAIL HAS BEEN FRUITLESS! THE LIVING GHOST HAS DISAPPEARED!



I DON'T LIKE THE GOIN'S-ON AROUND HERE! FIRST THAT SMOKE FROM BALD MOUNTAIN ...AN' NOW A GAL BEIN' KIDNAPPED!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SHERIFF? I SAW THAT SMOKE TOO BUT IT WAS PROBABLY JUST A FOREST FIRE!



FOREST FIRE, NOTHIN'! IT'S THAT OLD VOLCANO ACTIN' UP, DEPEND ON IT! WHY, WHEN THE SMOKE GOT STRONGER, IT SEEMED TO SMELL OF BRIMSTONE!

WHAT! EXCUSE ME IF I HAVE TO LEAVE...BUT I THINK YOU'VE GIVEN ME A LEAD!

UP, UP...TOWARDS THE HEIGHTS
OF LONELY BALD MOUNTAIN!

I DIDN'T DARE BRING
HELP...THAT MIGHT
HAVE PUT THE
GHOST ON GUARD!
THOSE FLEEING
ANIMALS PROVE
I'M ON THE RIGHT
TRACK...NOTHING
HUMAN COULD
SCARE THEM
THAT MUCH!



**THIS IS IT! A
ZOMBIE GUARD!**
I CAN'T GET PAST
HIM! FOR GAIL'S
SAKE, I'D BETTER
GET HELP FROM
SOMEONE WHO
**KNOWS THE
SUPERNATURAL**
...**DR. VANDYKE!**



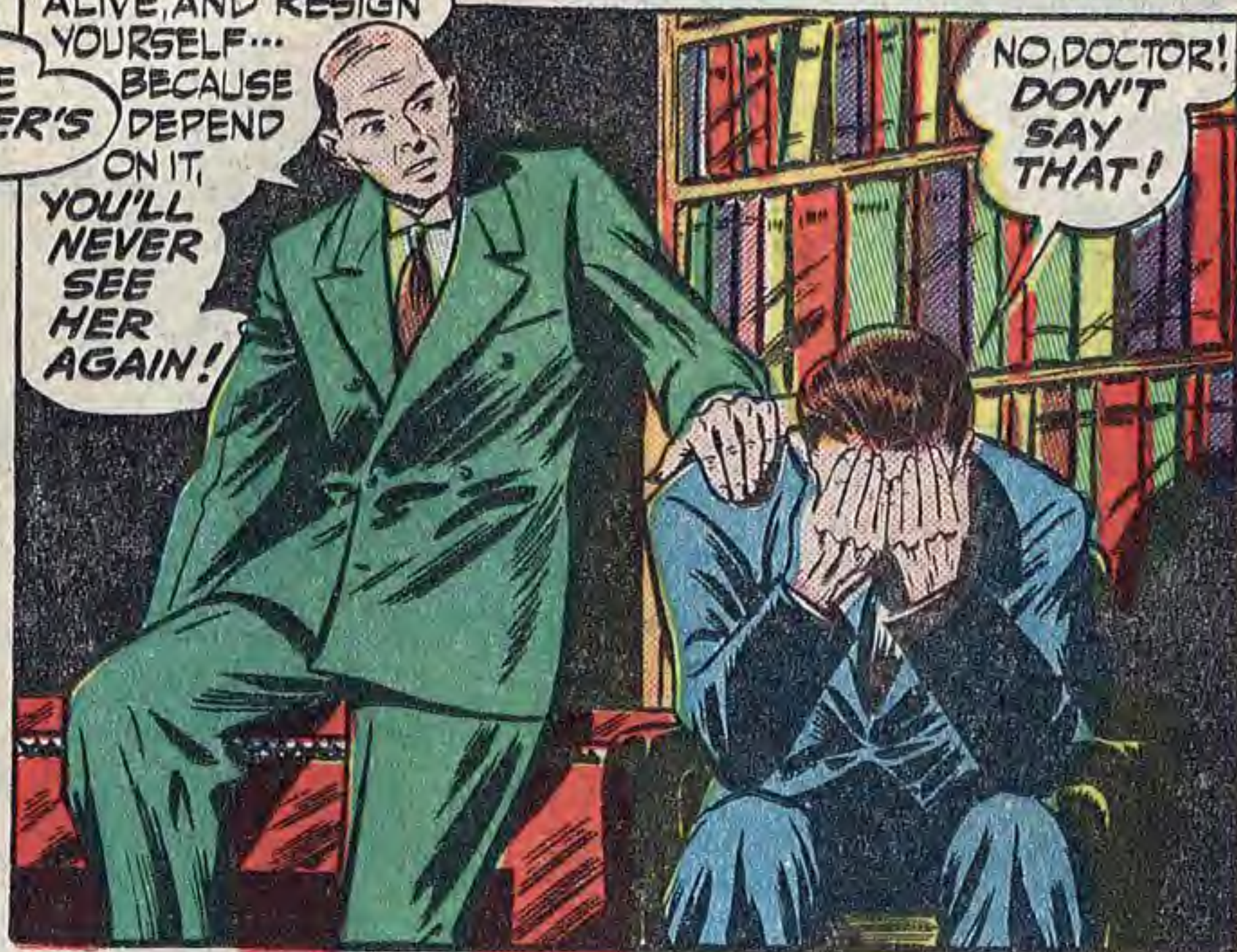
**AT THE INSTITUTE FOR
PSYCHIC RESEARCH...**

I KNEW YOU'D
BE BACK, TONY!
ONCE A MAN
INCURS THE
ENMITY OF THE
LIVING GHOST,
NOT EVEN DEATH
CAN SAVE HIM!

I HAD TO
COME, DR. VANDYKE
...THAT MONSTER'S
GOT GAIL!

THEN BE GLAD
YOU'RE STILL
ALIVE, AND RESIGN
YOURSELF...
BECAUSE
DEPEND
ON IT,
**YOU'LL
NEVER
SEE
HER
AGAIN!**

**NO, DOCTOR!
DON'T
SAY
THAT!**



I'LL NEVER
GIVE UP HOPING
THAT... **GOOD
LORD! WHAT'S
THAT?**

IT'S A RECONSTRUCTED PICTURE
OF THE **DARK PHANTOM...** ONE
OF THE MOST POWERFUL
AND DEADLY GHOSTS OF
HISTORY! AS STRONG AS THE
LIVING GHOST HIMSELF...
AND HIS
MORTAL
ENEMY!

I'VE GOT IT! IF
ONLY I COULD CON-
TACT HIM! I'D TRADE
ON HIS HATRED FOR
THE LIVING GHOST...
AND EN-
LIST HIM
AS AN
ALLY!



IT MEANS MEDDLING WITH SUPER-NATURAL FORCES...AND DEADLY DANGER! BUT IF I DON'T HELP YOU, YOU'LL TANGLE WITH THE LIVING GHOST PERSONALLY AND THAT'S SURE DEATH! MAYBE IF I SEND YOU TO PROFESSOR MAVELLI, GREATEST MEDIUM IN THE WORLD...

PLEASE... THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!

THEN LISTEN! LITTLE IS KNOWN OF THE DARK PHANTOM...HE'S ONLY A LEGEND! BUT THE LEGEND ALSO TELLS THAT SOME DAY HE'S DOOMED TO DESTRUCTION AT THE HANDS OF A MORTAL WHO CONFRONTS HIM WITH THE ANCIENT SYMBOL OF DESTINY...



...THIS!

I'LL TAKE IT, BUT I CAN'T SEE ANY USE FOR IT! IF THE PHANTOM HELPS ME RESCUE GAIL, I WON'T NEED IT! AND IF HE DOESN'T...THEN I DON'T WANT TO LIVE EITHER!

PROFESSOR MAVELLI... WORLD'S GREATEST MEDIUM...

THE DARK PHANTOM! IF I PUT YOU IN TOUCH WITH HIM, YOU'LL BE IN HIS POWER! DO YOU REALIZE IT'LL MEAN YOUR DEATH?

I'M READY TO TAKE THAT RISK! IF YOU CAN CONTACT HIM FOR ME... GO AHEAD!

A SEANCE REACHES INTO THE WORLD OF THE UNKNOWN!

DRAW NEAR, DRAW NEAR, OH EMIS-SARIES OF THE DARK PHANTOM! A MORTAL STANDS READY TO DELIVER HIMSELF UNTO YOU!

APPROACH...AND CONVEY HIM TO YOUR DREAD MASTER!

H-HOLY SMOKE!

I C-CAN'T RESIST THEM! I...I WONDER WHAT HAPPENS NEXT!



**UP, UP, THROUGH A SWIRLING
MIST...WITH THE SPEED OF
LIGHT!**



**AND HIGH IN FAR-OFF
TIBET...**

**YOU WON'T
HAVE LONG
TO WAIT!**

**WELL...I'M HERE!
WONDER WHEN I GET
TO MEET THE HEAD
GHOUL!**



**NOT OFTEN
DO MORTALS
DARE MY
HOSPITALITY,
OH FOOL! AND
FOR ANY RASH
ENOUGH...**

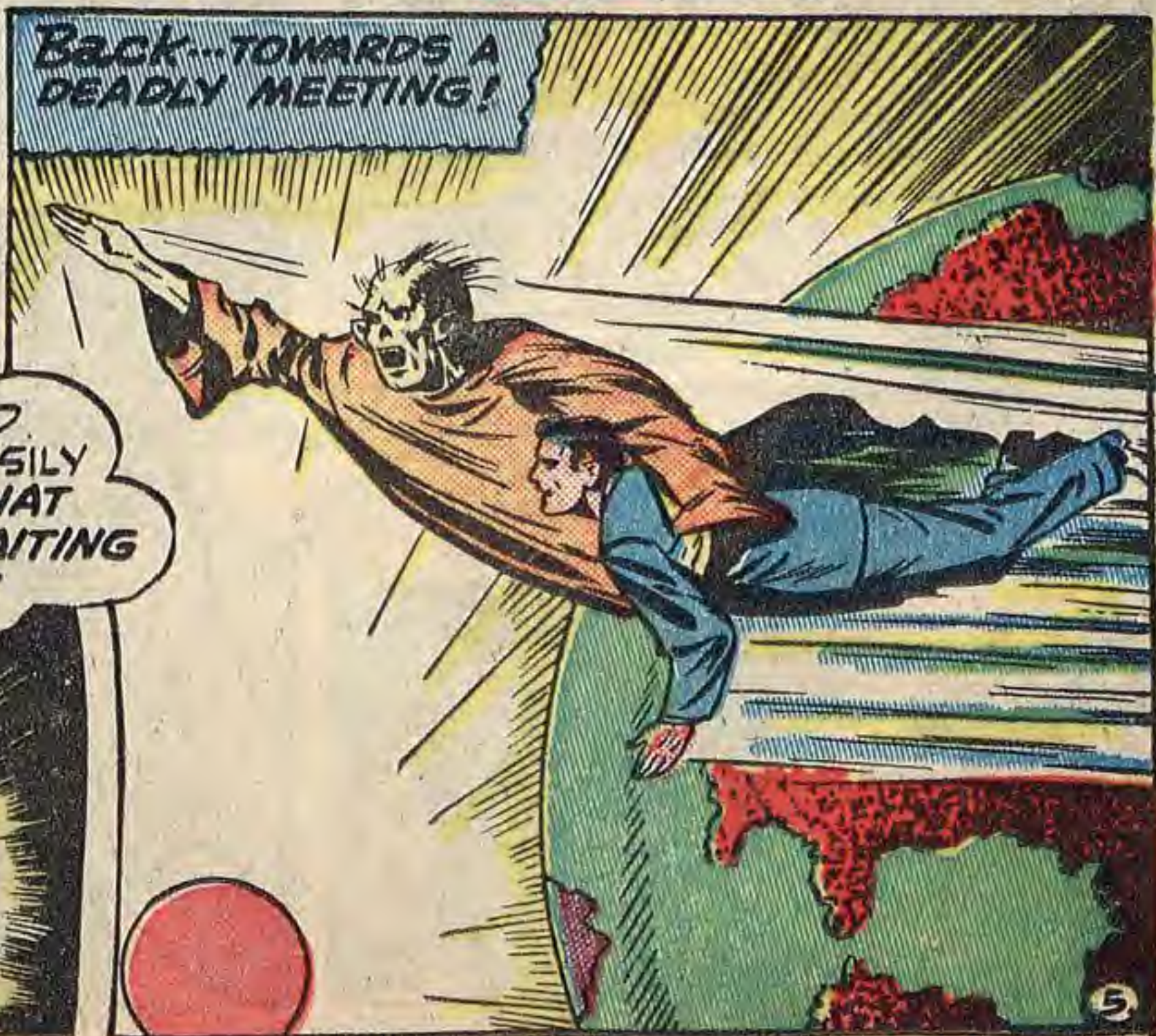


...DEATH!

**W-WAIT! I'LL TRADE FOR
MY LIFE! SPARE ME, AND I'LL
LEAD YOU TO YOUR MOST
HATED ENEMY...
THE LIVING
GHOST!**



**BACK...TOWARDS A
DEADLY MEETING!**



**THE GHOST, EH? I'VE
WAITED FOR THIS
MOMENT FOR CENTURIES!
BUT IF YOU'RE
LYING...**

**YOU CAN FIND
THAT OUT EASILY
ENOUGH! WHAT
ARE WE WAITING
FOR?**



Finally--BALD MOUNTAIN--

THAT ZOMBIE
GUARD! CAREFUL
...HE'LL GIVE THE
ALARM!

WATCH!



WITH A TIGERISH LEAP...

HA-HA-HA!



WE'D BEST SEPARATE
AND START LOOK-
ING FOR HIM!

Meanwhile, nearby...

FOOTSTEPS...APPROACH-
ING THIS ROOM! IT...IT'S
THE LIVING GHOST
AGAIN!



**THERE! IF ONLY THE
LIVING GHOST WILL
BE AS EASY!**



**OH-HHH!
HELP!
HELP!**

**HA-HA! WHO
CAN HELP YOU
... HERE?**

**PLEASE
LET ME GO
...PLEASE!**

I SWORE REVENGE
WHEN FIRST YOU
CROSSED MY PATH!
I'LL HAVE IT NOW...
INFLECTED BY CREATURES
FROM OUT OF THE UNKNOWN!
-HO, MY HELPERS! TO
ME!





THE TWO SPECTERS CLASH
IN A MIGHTY DUEL!



IT...IT'S HORRIBLE!
BUT IF ONLY HE CAN
BEAT THE LIVING
GHOST!

IT'S A BATTLE OF GIANTS
...AND THEY LOOK PRETTY
EVENLY MATCHED TO ME!

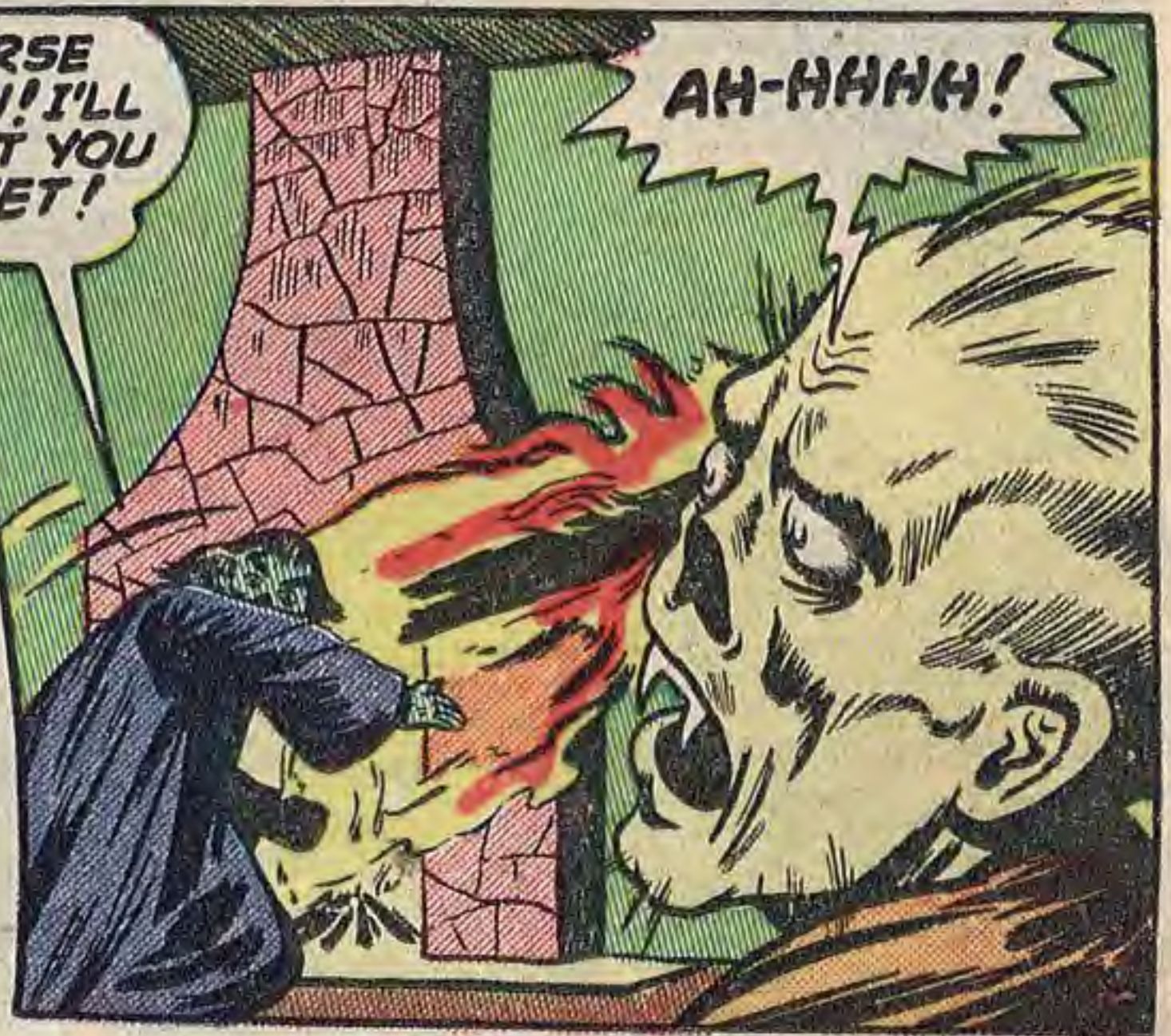


WOW! HE'S
GETTING HIM!
WHAT A BLOW!



CURSE
YOU! I'LL
GET YOU
YET!

AH-HHHH!



NEXT MOMENT,
WITH FEARFUL
POWER...



HUH?
WHAT'S
HE UP
TO?



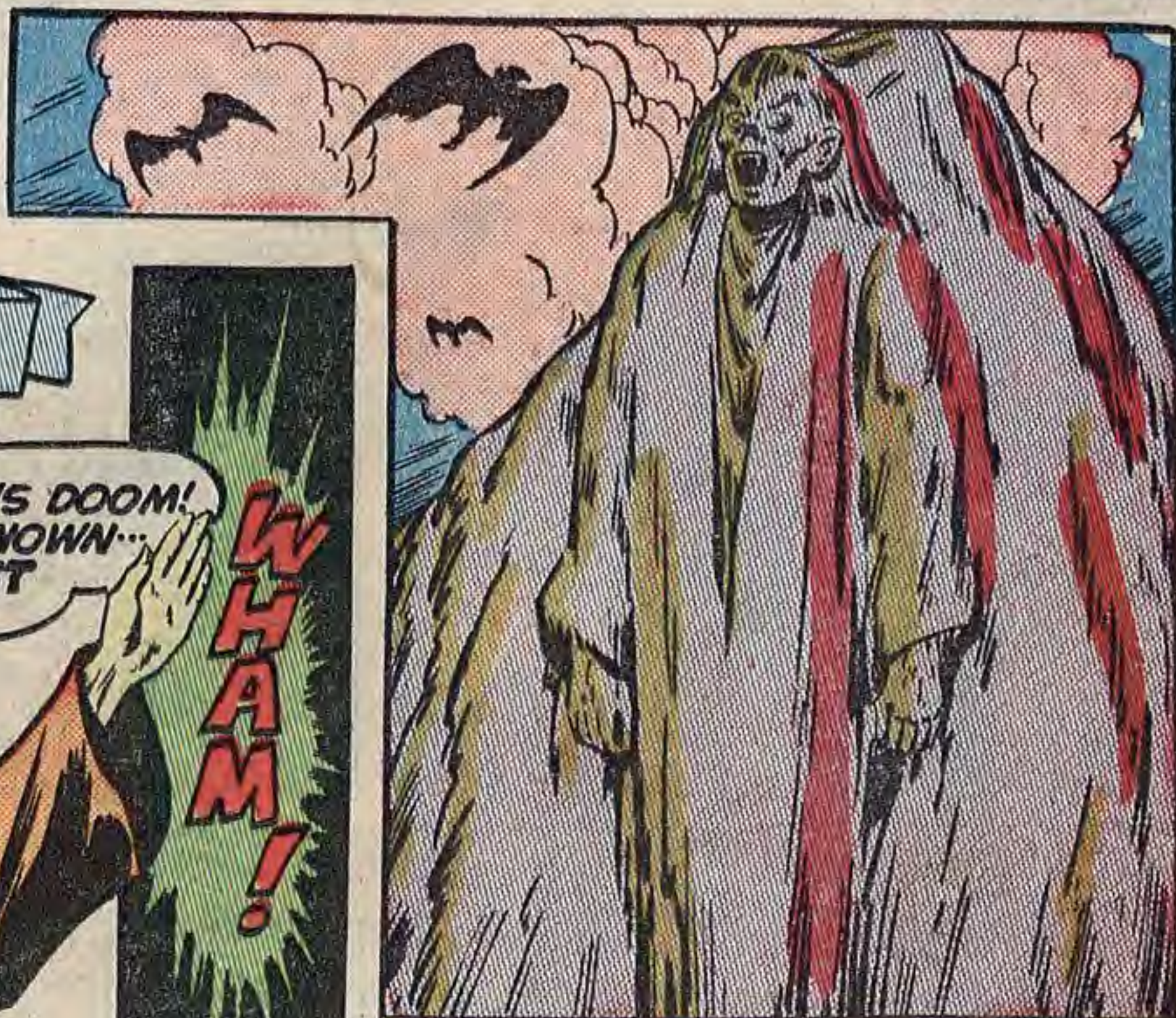


IT WORKED, GAIL,
IT WORKED!
WOTTA SCRAP!

I...I'VE
NEVER
BEEN SO
HAPPY
BEFORE!



AT LAST...THE LIVING GHOST
IS IN MY POWER! NOW TO MAKE
HIM MY CAPTIVE...FOR ALL
TIME! THAT MOUNTAIN PEAK,
MORTALS...
WATCH!



AND THE LIVING GHOST
BECOMES A STATUE...
IMPRISONED IN ROCK!



Then... A WEIRD INCANTATION!

BY MOULDERING SKULL AND
ANCIENT TOMB,
HELP ME SEAL THIS SPECTER'S DOOM!
OH, SPIRITS OF THE GREAT UNKNOWN...
CHAIN THE LIVING GHOST
IN STONE!

WHAM!

IT'S SO WONDERFUL...NOT HAVING THAT
MONSTER TO FEAR ANY LONGER! NOW
I CAN START LIVING
AGAIN!



YOU LITTLE FOOL
...YOU THINK I'LL
LET YOU LIVE? MY BAR-
GAIN WAS

TO SAVE THIS
MAN ONLY...BUT
YOU MUST BE
DESTROYED!



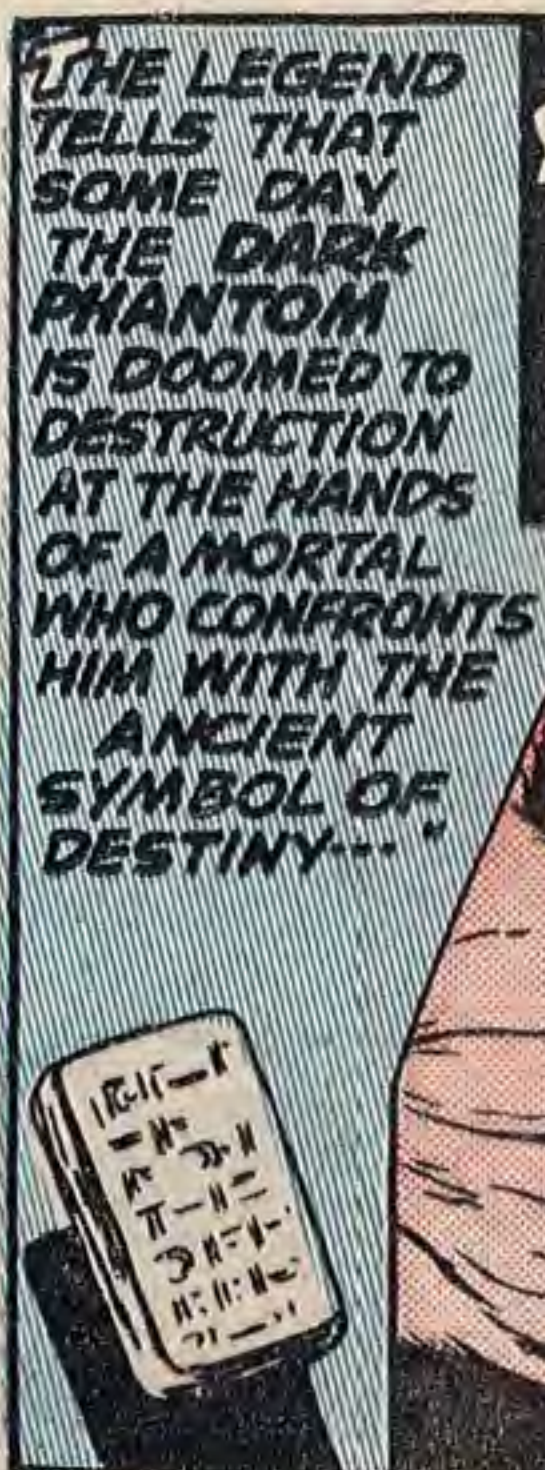
DIE,
MORTAL!

HELP, TONY
... HELP!

NOTHING I CAN DO
AGAINST THAT
AWFUL POWER...
BUT THERE IS!
THE ANCIENT
SYMBOL DR.
VANDYKE
GAVE ME!



STOP, PHANTOM!
-- HERE'S
SOMETHING
YOU MIGHT
WANT TO
SEE!



THE LEGEND
TELLS THAT
SOME DAY
THE DARK
PHANTOM
IS DOOMED TO
DESTRUCTION
AT THE HANDS
OF A MORTAL
WHO CONFRONTS
HIM WITH THE
ANCIENT
SYMBOL OF
DESTINY...



ARGH!



HE'S VANISHED, GAIL...
FOR GOOD! AND YOU'LL
NEVER HAVE TO WORRY
ABOUT THE LIVING GHOST
AGAIN, EITHER!

THANK...
HEAVENS...

BUT... AS
THE DARK
PHANTOM
VANISHES
INTO THE
LIMBO OF
LOST SOULS
... HIS POWER
ALSO DIS-
APPEARS!
AND FROM
THE NEARBY
MOUNTAIN
PEAK...



CRACK!



FREE! FREE! AND
NOW... REVENGE ON
THE MORTALS WHO
FOILED ME!

And later...

FUNNY, TONY, BUT
WITH EVERYTHING
TO BE HAPPY
FOR... WHY
SHOULD I
HAVE THIS
STRANGE
FEELING
OF FEAR?



FORGET IT,
GAIL! YOU
HAVEN'T
A WORRY
IN THE
WORLD!

LITTLE DO YOU KNOW, TONY! JUST WATCH
WHAT HAPPENS IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!



OLD ENGLAND
--1848--

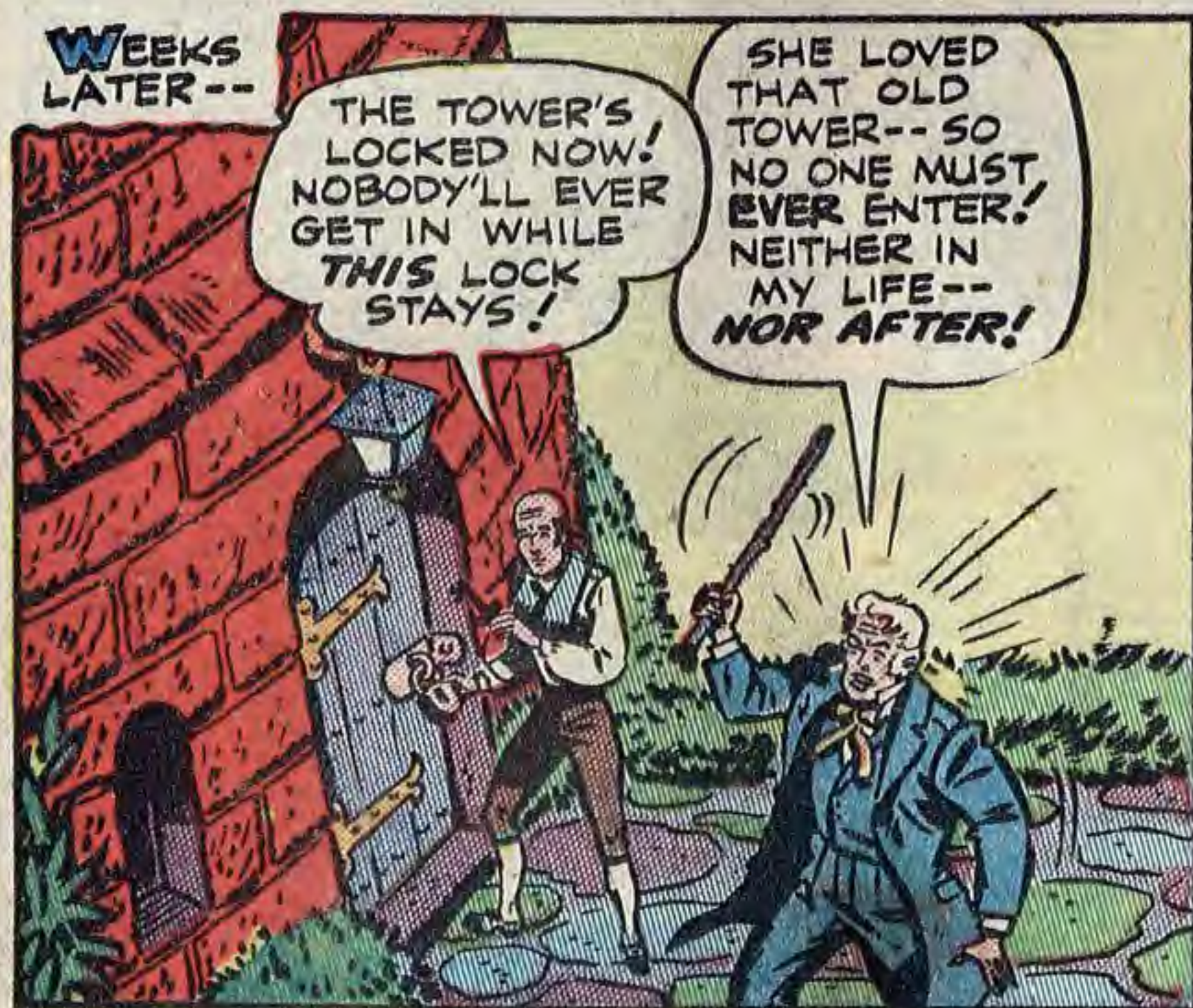
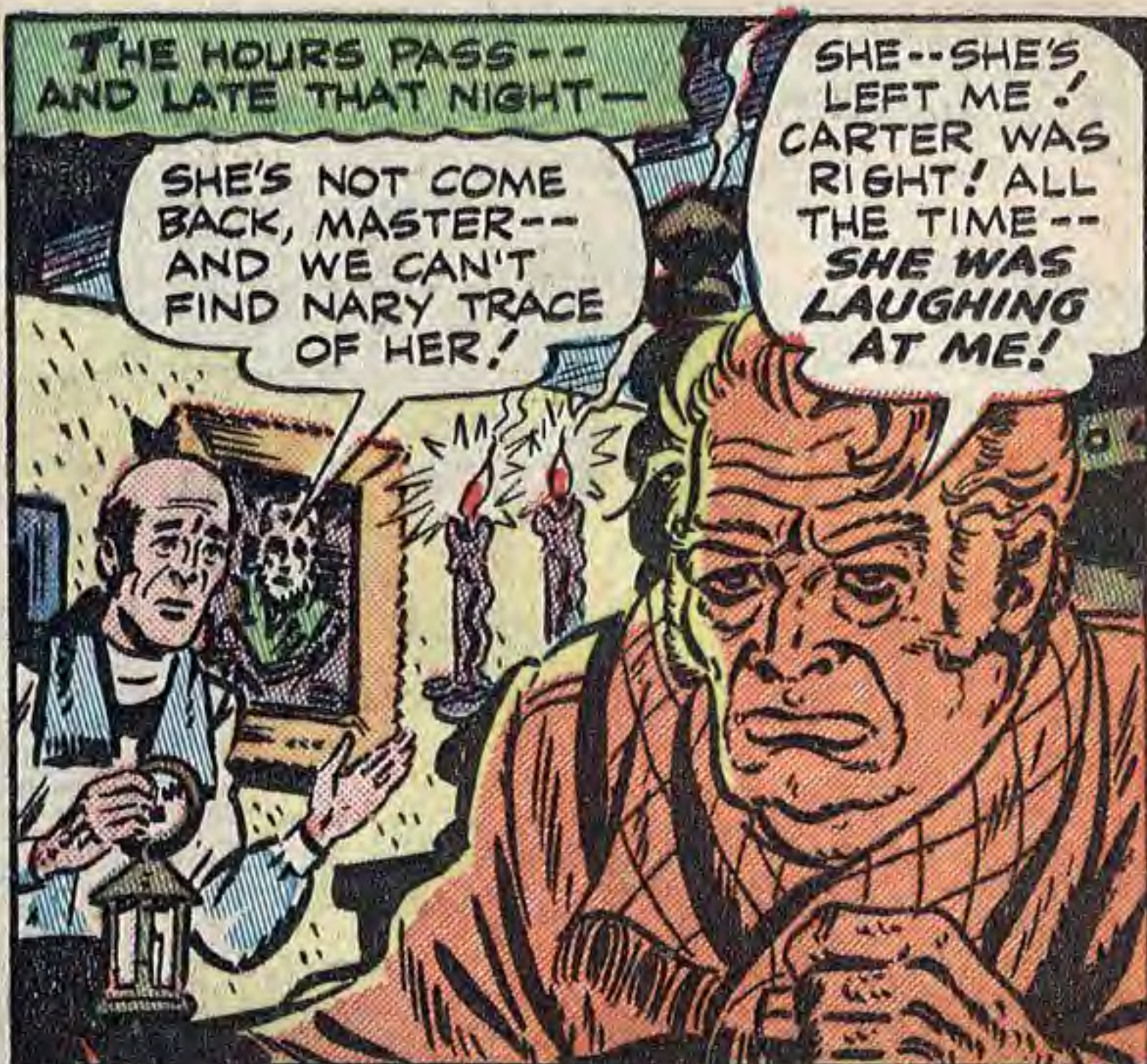
ROBERT'S AN OLD
FRIEND, HENRY! I
THOUGHT I'D TAKE
HIM FOR A WALK
AROUND OUR
ESTATE!

GO AHEAD,
JANE! JUST
BE BACK IN
TIME FOR
DINNER!

JANE'S BEEN MOODY, LATELY
--ALL SHE SEEMS TO CARE
TO DO IS SPEND HER TIME AT
THAT OLD TOWER ON
MY GROUNDS! I'M GLAD
TO SEE HER SO
ALIVE AND HAPPY
NOW!

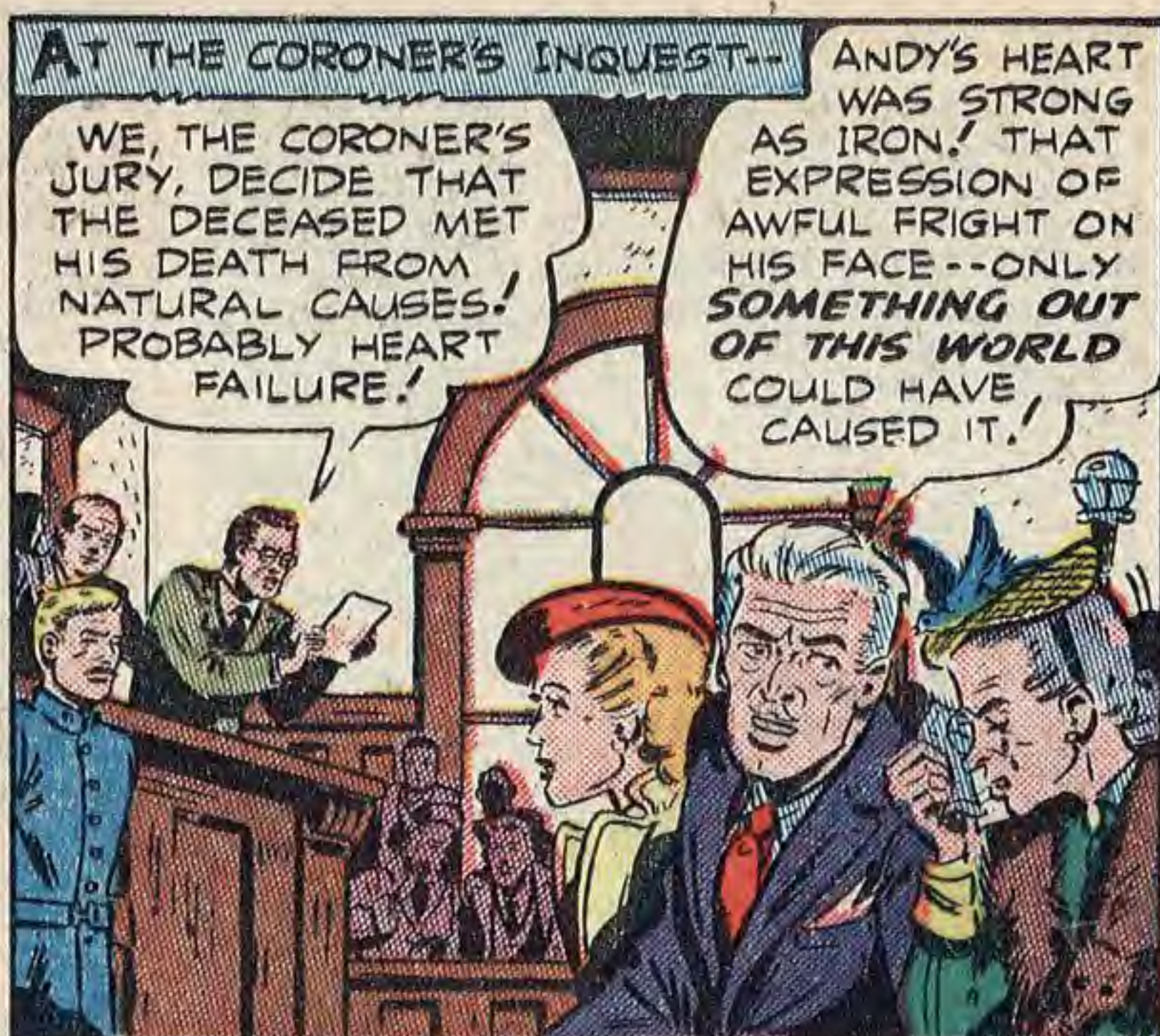
WHY SHOULD-
N'T SHE BE
HAPPY? SHE'S
MARRIED TO
AN OLD MAN--
AND HE'S YOUNG!
DEPEND ON IT--
YOU'LL LOSE
HER TO HIM!





THE YEAR IS NOW 1948 -- A CENTURY HAS FLED! THE MASTERS ESTATE HAS BEEN PASSED DOWN TO A DISTANT BRANCH OF THE FAMILY, WHO HAVE HONORED OLD HENRY'S WISH THAT THE TOWER REMAIN LOCKED -- NEVER OPENED --







NOW THAT I'VE LEARNED THAT THERE IS A GHOST AT WORK, I'LL BANISH HIM FOREVER! --BY THE POTENT TALISMAN OF THE EMERALD TREE, SPIRIT-- DISAPPEAR!

HA-HA! YOU THINK TO BE RID OF ME THAT EASILY, FOOLISH ONE? LITTLE DO YOU KNOW MY POWER!



USING EVERY WEAPON AT HIS COMMAND, DOUGLAS DREW STRIVES IN VAIN TO DESTROY THE SPECTER! FINALLY-- AFTER IT HAS VANISHED OF ITS OWN ACCORD--



HE'S GONE --FOR NOW! BUT WHAT'S TO PREVENT HIM FROM COMING BACK?

LOOKS LIKE I'M NOT MUCH OF A GHOST-BREAKER, EH? BUT THAT'S BECAUSE **HATRED** IS AT WORK-- A HATRED SO GREAT THAT IT'S SURVIVED THROUGH THE AGES! IT LIVES ON TO GUARD THAT TOWER! IF IT WERE OPENED--THE GHOST MIGHT BE DESTROYED!



NO! WE-- WE CAN'T! IT'S SURE DEATH--- THAT'S THE VERY SPOT HE'LL BE ON WATCH!

I'VE STILL GOT A FEW SHOTS IN MY LOCKER THAT'LL PROTECT YOU! UNLESS YOU WANT TO LIVE IN FEAR FOR THE REST OF YOUR DAYS-- COME ALONG!



AT THE OLD TOWER--

BUT HOW CAN THAT RIDICULOUS FENCE YOU PUT UP PROTECT US?



EACH PALING BEARS AN ANCIENT ANTI-GHOST SYMBOL THAT'LL KEEP THE SPIRIT AT BAY IF HE APPEARS-- AND HE WILL! WHEN I FIT THE KEY IN THE LOCK--WATCH!



LOOK--JUST AS I SAID! AND AS LONG AS THAT BARRIER STANDS IN HIS WAY, HE CAN'T GET THROUGH! LET'S GET INTO THE TOWER!



SUDDENLY A BOUNDING SQUIRREL ALERTS THE DOG, AND---

CRACK!

RR-OWW!

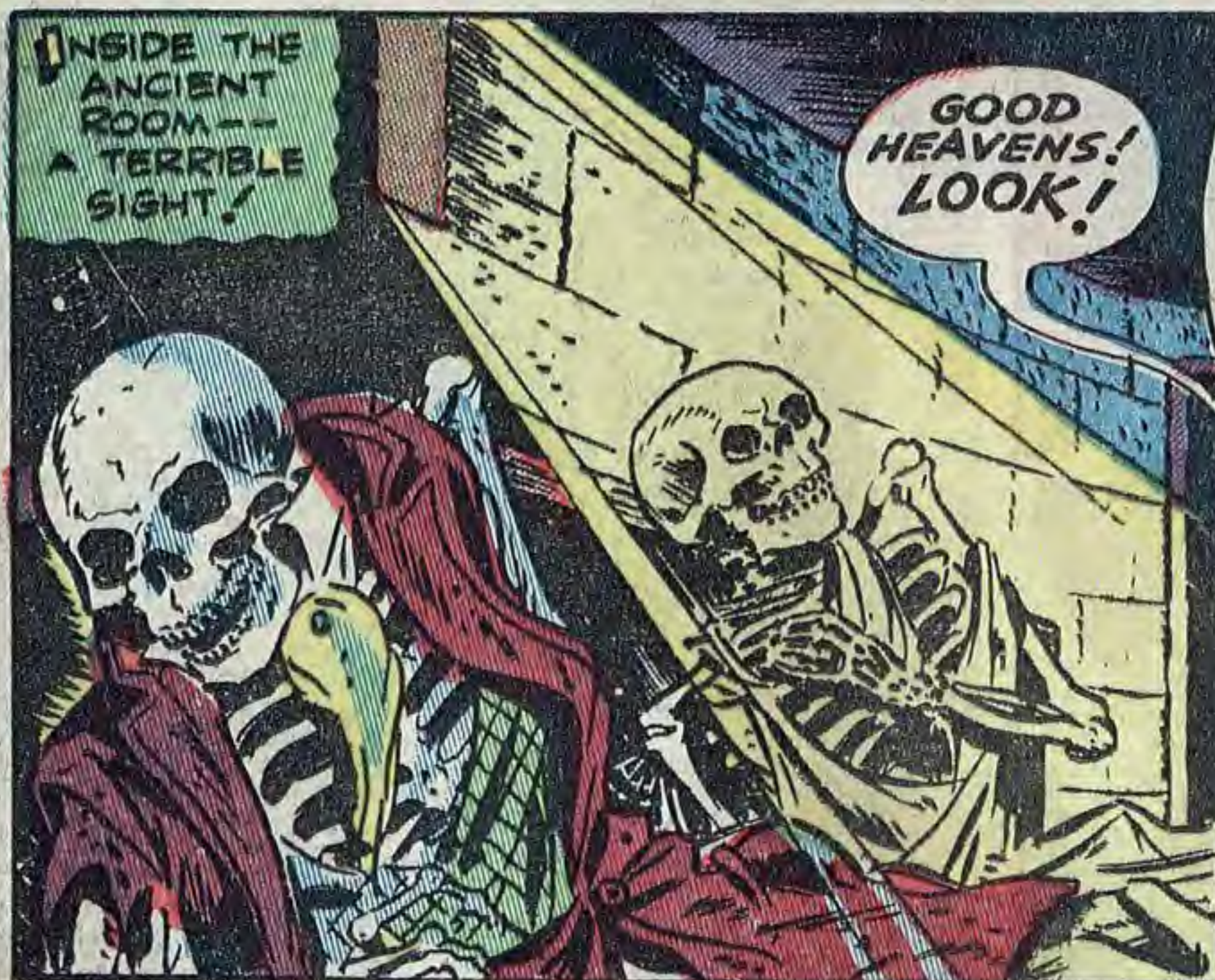




WHATEVER SHE WANTS TO SHOW US IS HIGH IN THE TOWER! LEAD ON-- WE'RE WITH YOU!



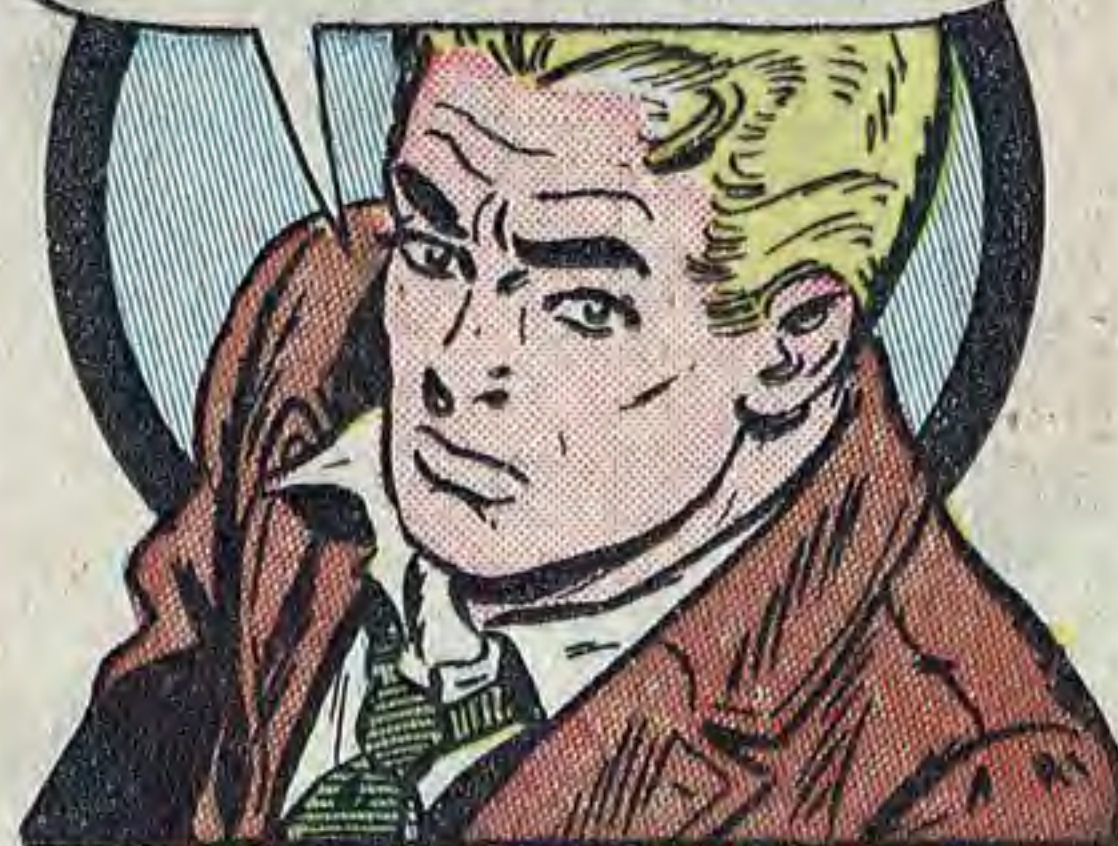
THIS IS IT, EH? STAND ASIDE!



INSIDE THE ANCIENT ROOM-- A TERRIBLE SIGHT!

GOOD HEAVENS! LOOK!

THE **REAL** STORY-- COME TO LIGHT AFTER A CENTURY! JANE NEVER RAN OFF WITH ROBERT, AFTER ALL -- EVEN THOUGH OLD HENRY DIED IMAGINING SHE HAD! INSTEAD, SHE TOOK HIM TO SEE THE TOWER SHE LOVED SO WELL-- THEY CAME TO THIS ROOM--



"SOMETHING -- MAYBE THE WIND -- BLEW THE DOOR SHUT --"

"BUT THE BAR HAD FALLEN INTO PLACE! ROBERT COULDN'T OPEN IT! THEIR CRIES FOR HELP WEREN'T HEARD, SINCE THE WINDOW FACED AWAY FROM THE MAIN HOUSE!"



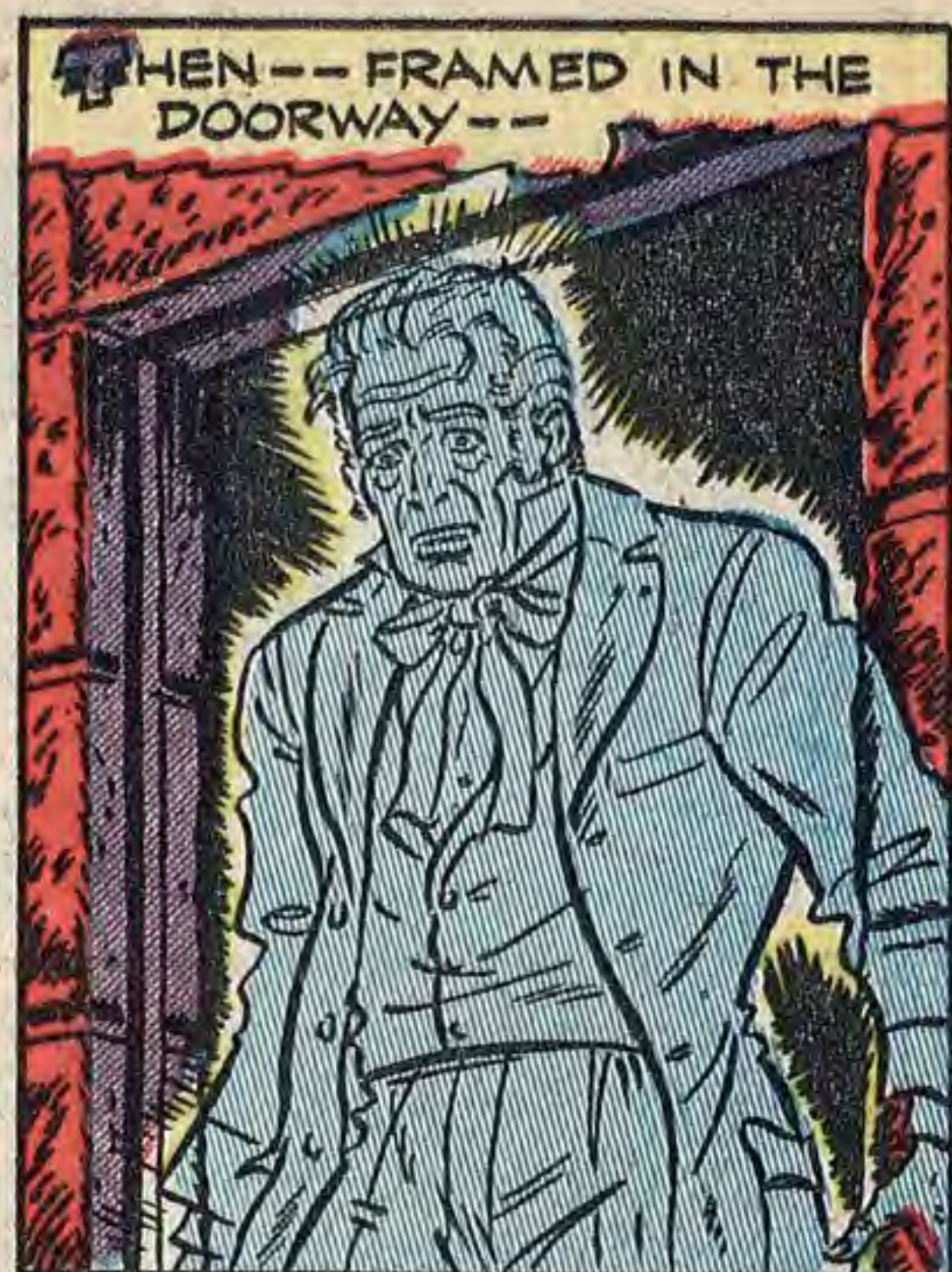
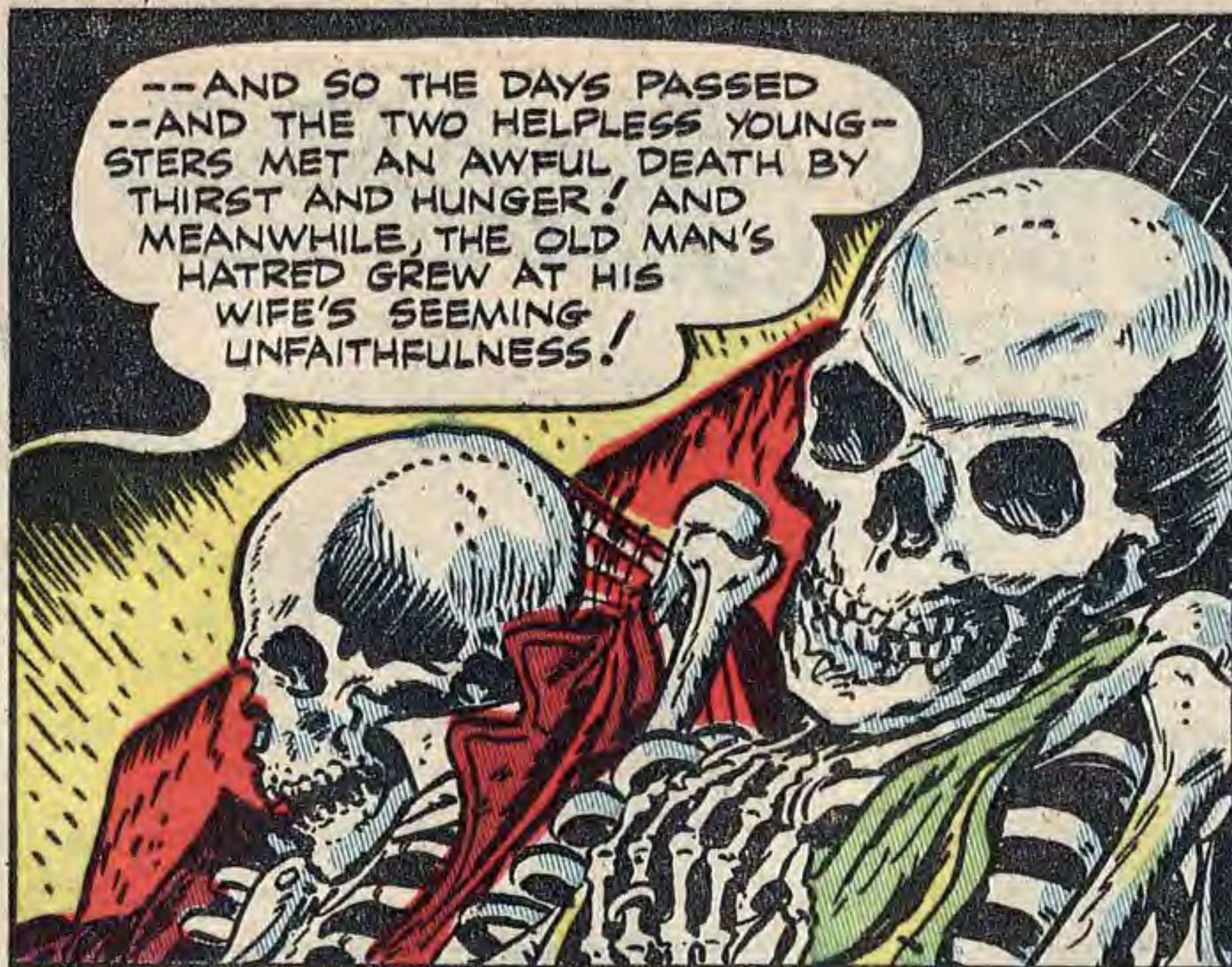
ROBERT! THE DOOR--

RELAX, JANE! I'LL GET IT OPEN!



HELP! HELP!

KEEP SHOUTING, JANE! I-I'M AFRAID I CAN'T GET THROUGH THIS DOOR!



The HAUNTED HOARD

CAN a house be haunted? Really haunted? Jimmy Severn didn't believe it—but he was afraid of the gloomy, deserted old Denning mansion. Its reputation had been a bad one since old William Denning had been slain thirty years ago—throttled for the golden hoard he was supposed to have hidden. It had never come to light, but since then, there were whispers of mysterious happenings at the abandoned house. Strange lights, eerie shadows—and twice, the bodies of men found, with nothing to indicate how they had met death.

It was enough to make anyone give the Denning mansion a wide berth. Why, then, was Jimmy approaching it alone? The answer was a simple one. His widowed mother was poor, and they faced the loss of their home unless money could be gotten from someplace. And while people disagreed about whether or not old Denning's house was haunted, they all seemed pretty sure that somewhere within it was gold aplenty! Jimmy entered the creaking door which hung crazily on its wrecked hinges, and made his way into a cobweb-festooned room.

The dust of years lay thick on heavy paneling. Perhaps what he sought lay behind it? He had brought a crowbar with him, and the shriek of drawn nails gave him confidence. True, he hadn't found any money yet, but anyway, there were no ghosts around! Despite his new-found bravery, his heart leaped into his mouth as behind him he heard the unmistakable sound of a man clearing his throat!

Whirling in gasping fright, he found himself face to face with a strange man—elderly and a bit old-fashioned in appearance, with dark, heavy brows and a mane of snow-white hair. His face bore an expression of terrible rage, but it faded before Jimmy's confused ex-

planations that he hadn't meant to trespass, but had thought that nobody owned the old house.

Fingering his throat, the old man finally smiled. "Reckon I won't be too hard on you," he said. "You're a young un—But tell me—why were you tearin' up the walls?"

Jimmy told him, all about how he needed the money, and for what. The old man seemed lost in thought as he again fingered his throat absently—it seemed to be a habit with him. Then he said, "If you found the money and took it, it would be stealin'—but at least you had an honest need for it, which is more'n you can say for a lot of others! Now, I knew old William Denning well—and he wouldn't have wanted you to suffer for this. Wait here—I got an idea!" Leaving the room, he returned—with a bag full of gold coins! "Here," he said, smiling. "It's some money I had, and it'll probably serve you as well! Never mind thankin' me—I don't really need it! Just be off with you—and don't never come back here again!"

Jimmy never went back to the old Denning mansion again—but he never forgot his benefactor.

Some weeks later, Jimmy paid a visit to the town library, where he found Miss Scruggins, the librarian, excited over having found the last picture for the history of the town's notables that she was writing. Happily, she displayed it. It was a picture of William Denning, murdered master of the "haunted" house. He was elderly and a bit old-fashioned in appearance, with dark, heavy brows and a mane of snow-white hair. The room rocked about Jimmy as he recollected a man who had fingered his throat—a strangled man! And then the memory of a great kindness came to him—and once again the room was bright and sunny!

The MASTER'S HAND



THE MASTER'S HAND! THUS DID THE WORLD SPEAK OF THE ANCIENT PAINTINGS OF KEES VAN RUYTER, A GENIUS WHO CREATED TERROR ON CANVAS! HIS ART SHOWED A NIGHTMARE WORLD OF STRANGE AND FRIGHTENING CREATURES... WHY? READ... AND LEARN THE GHOSTLY SECRET FOR YOURSELF!

One night... AT A LARGE MUSEUM...

TEN P.M.... AND THAT SAUNDERS GIRL IS STILL UPSTAIRS ALONE... COPYING ONE OF THE KEES VAN RUYTER PAINTINGS!

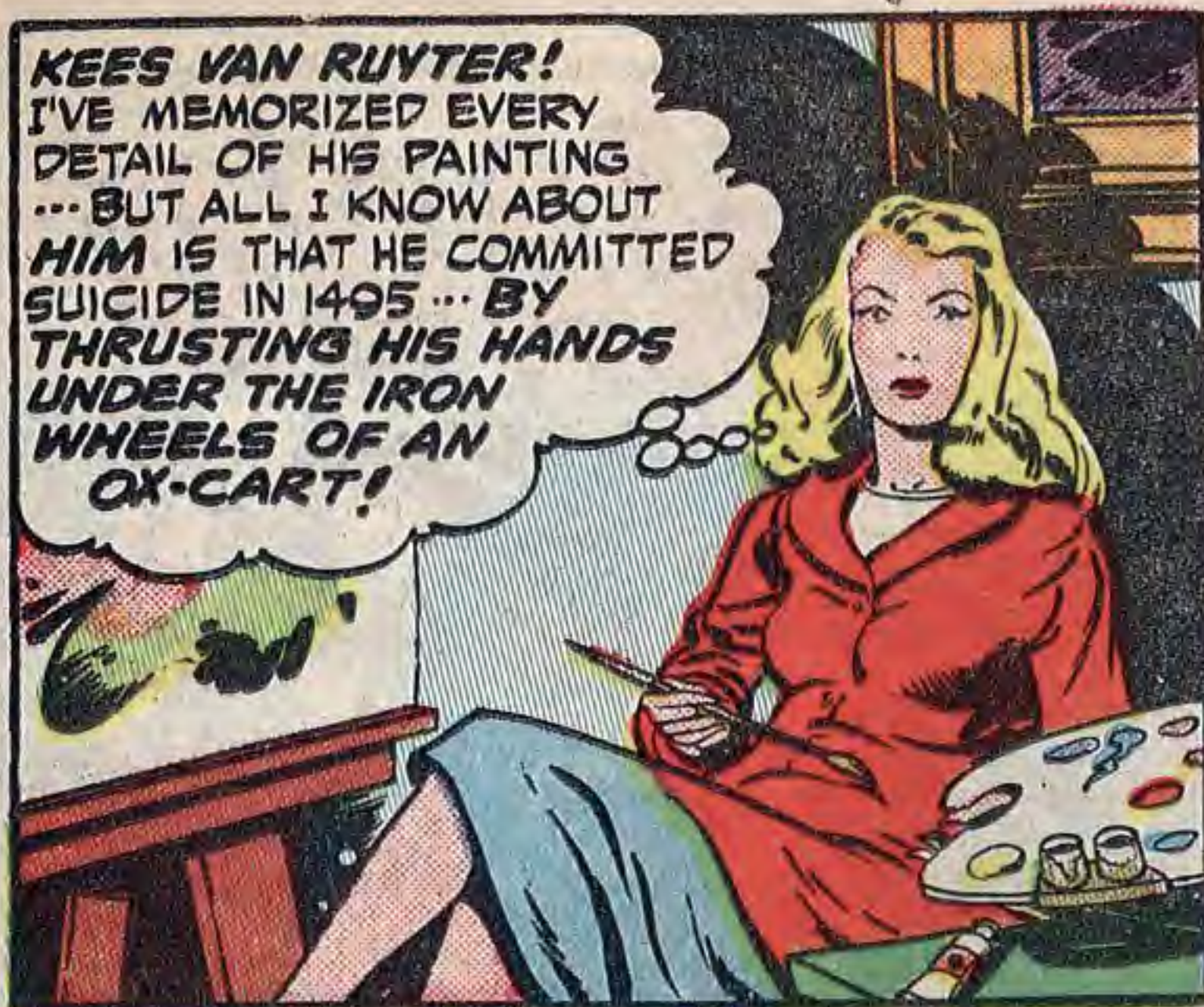
THE CURATOR SAYS SHE'S AN **AUTHORITY** ON VAN RUYTER... AND THAT WORKING AT NIGHT HELPS HER TO RECAPTURE THE HORROR OF THOSE OLD MASTERPIECES!



ALONE... IN ONE OF THE SILENT GALLERIES...

WISH THERE WERE MORE THAN JUST **FOUR** VAN RUYTER PAINTINGS IN THE UNITED STATES! ONCE I'VE FINISHED THIS COPY... MY STUDIES WILL BE AT A STAND-STILL!

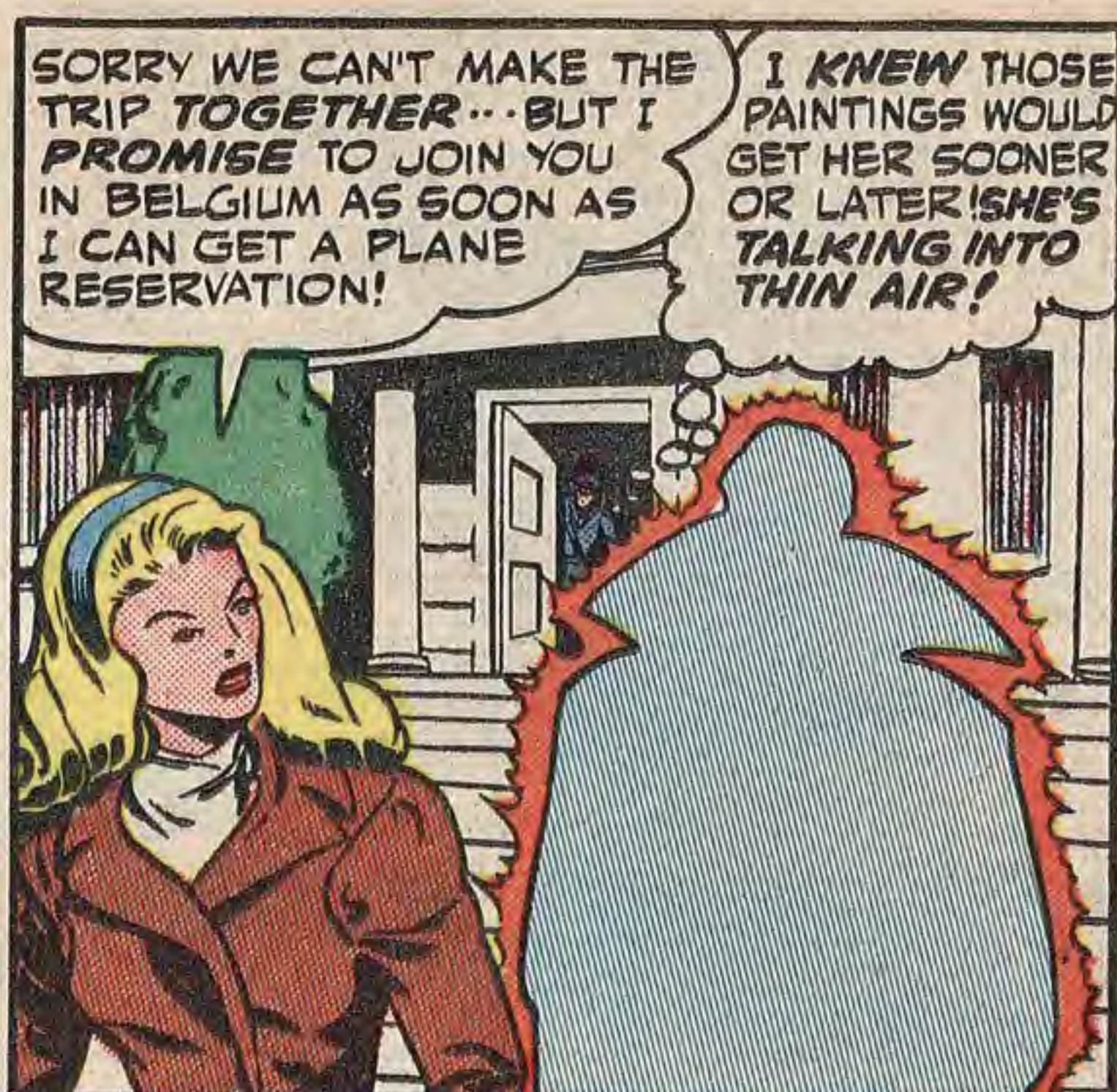






I WAS WONDERING... JUST BEFORE YOU CAME... WHY POOR VAN RUYTER CHOSE TO DIE SO HORRIBLY!

BY CUTTING OFF HIS HANDS? ALMOST AS IF HE DIDN'T WANT TO PAINT AGAIN... IN LIFE... OR BEYOND IT!



SORRY WE CAN'T MAKE THE TRIP TOGETHER... BUT I PROMISE TO JOIN YOU IN BELGIUM AS SOON AS I CAN GET A PLANE RESERVATION!

I KNEW THOSE PAINTINGS WOULD GET HER SOONER OR LATER! SHE'S TALKING INTO THIN AIR!



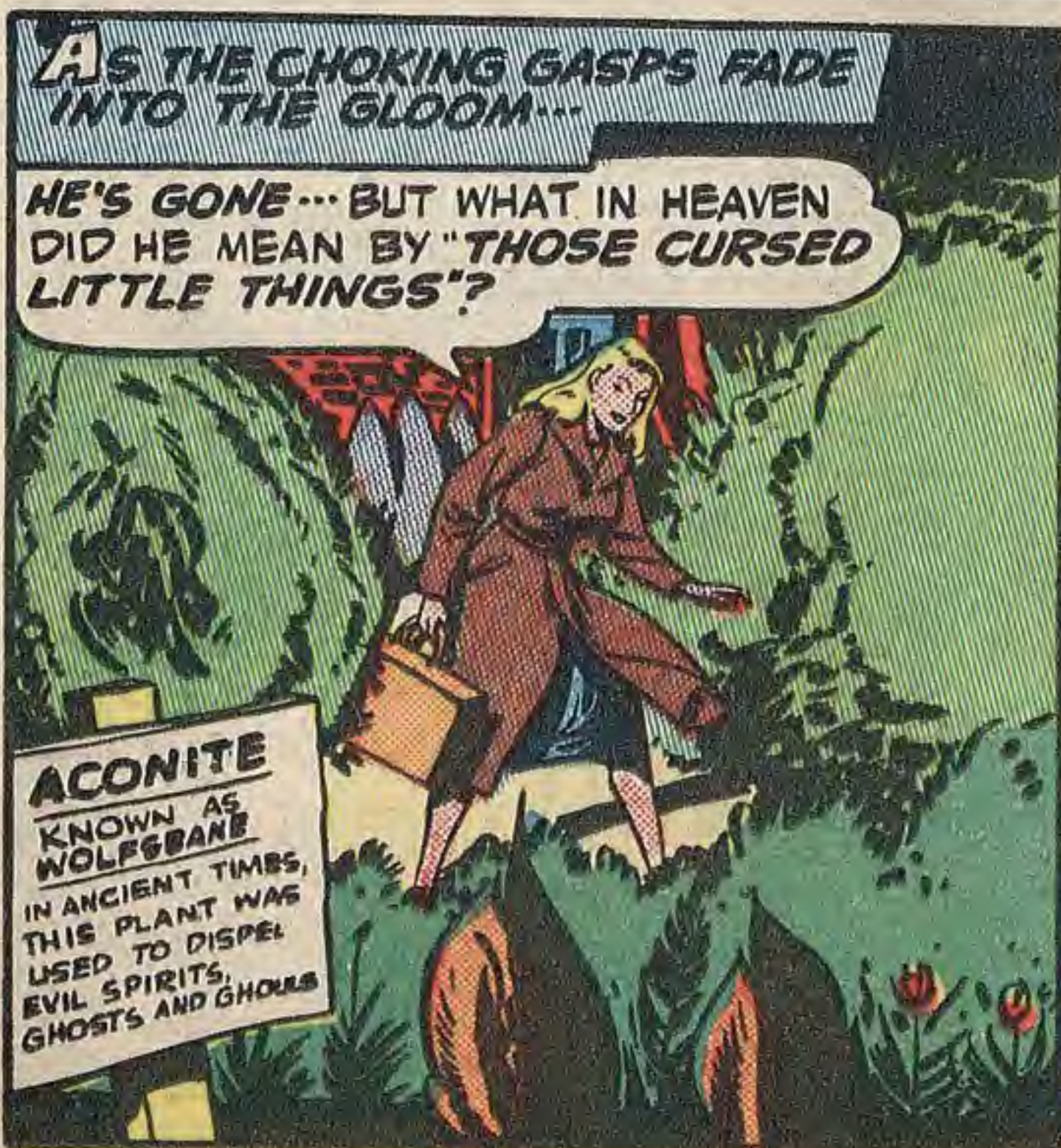
I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR NAME YET! HEAVENS... WHAT'S WRONG?

I... I MERELY FEEL UNEASY... TERRIBLY UNEASY!



AAAAAGH! I CAN FEEL THEM... THOSE CURSED LITTLE THINGS!

STAND STILL A MOMENT! I CAN'T FIND YOU!



AS THE CHOKING GASPS FADE INTO THE GLOOM...

HE'S GONE... BUT WHAT IN HEAVEN DID HE MEAN BY "THOSE CURSED LITTLE THINGS"?

ACONITE
KNOWN AS WOLFSBANE
IN ANCIENT TIMES, THIS PLANT WAS USED TO DISPEL EVIL SPIRITS, GHOSTS AND GHOULS



Two days later...

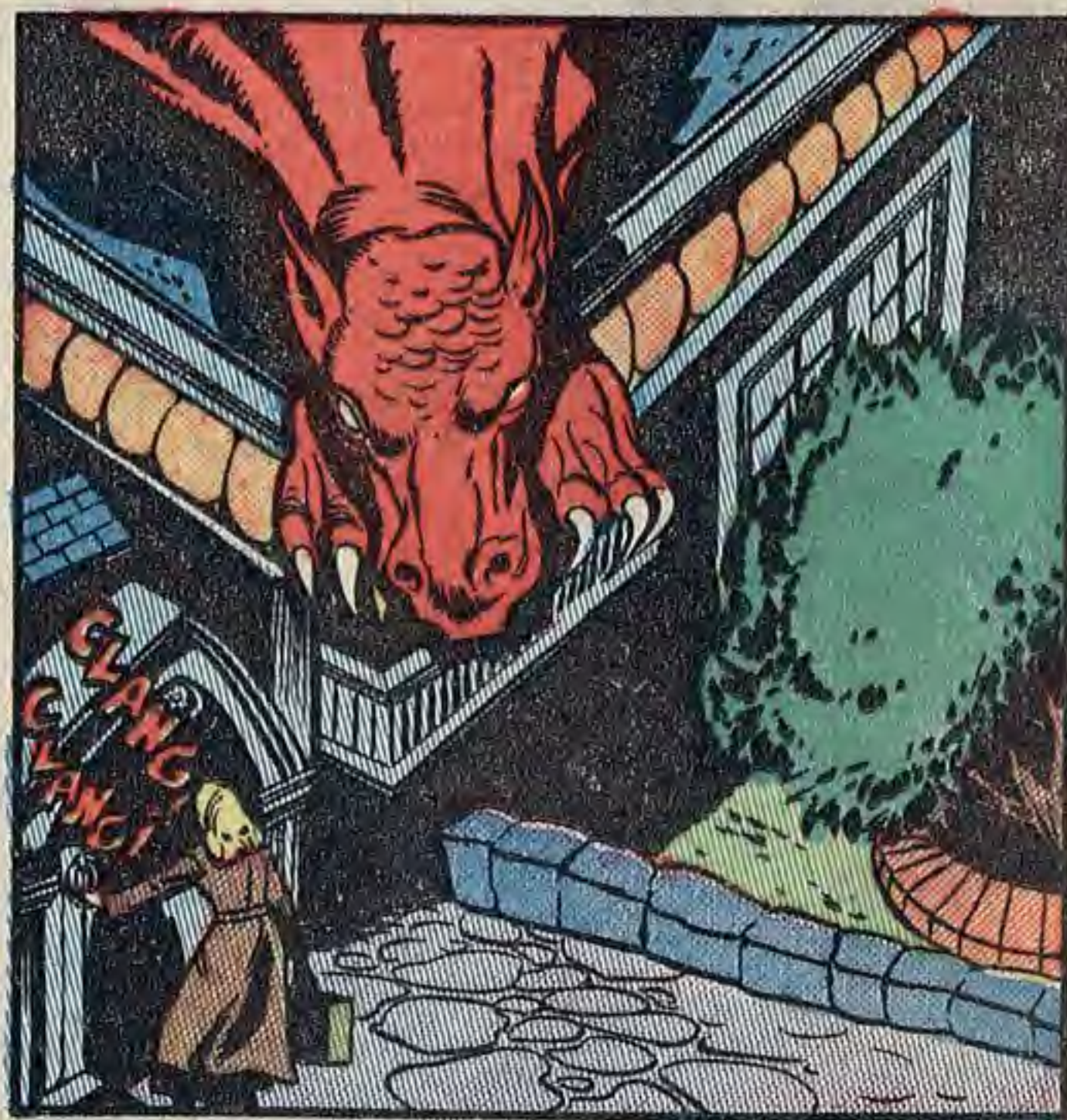
MY MYSTERIOUS FRIEND MAY BE TWO THOUSAND MILES AWAY, IN A BELGIAN CASTLE... BUT I HAVE A FEELING HE'S TRAVELING WITH ME... AT LEAST IN SPIRIT!

"AT LEAST IN SPIRIT!" AND AS THE
HUGE CLIPPER DRONES ACROSS
THE ATLANTIC...



SEVERAL MILES OUTSIDE BRUSSELS...

IT'S CERTAINLY A **WEIRD**
OLD ROOST! I THOUGHT
GARGOYLES WERE
ONLY USED TO DECORATE
MEDIEVAL
CHURCHES!



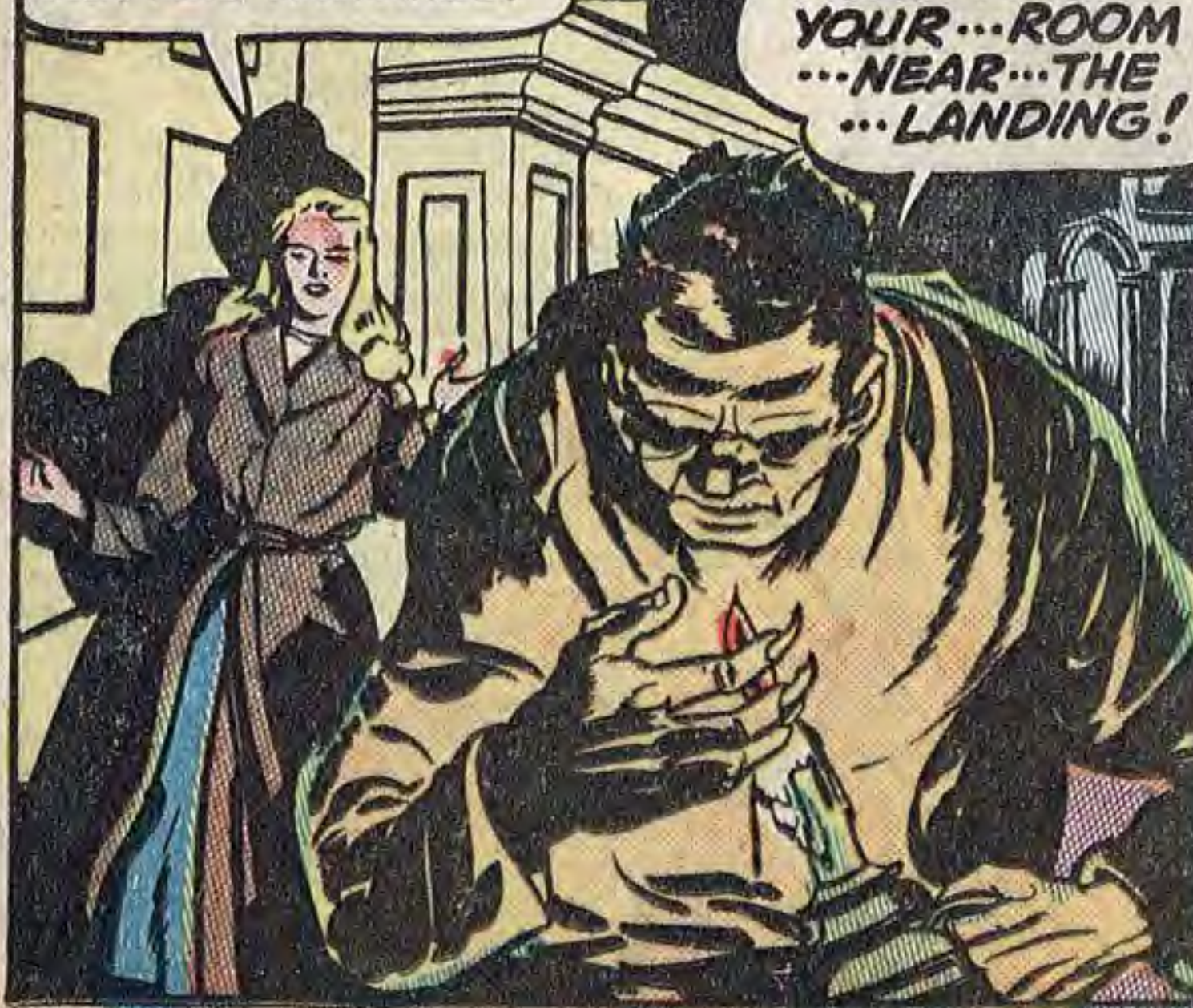
OH! FOR A MOMENT I
THOUGHT YOU WERE
MY FRIEND... THE
OWNER!

YOU... HAVE... BEEN
...EXPECTED! YOUR
...CHAMBER... IS
...READY!

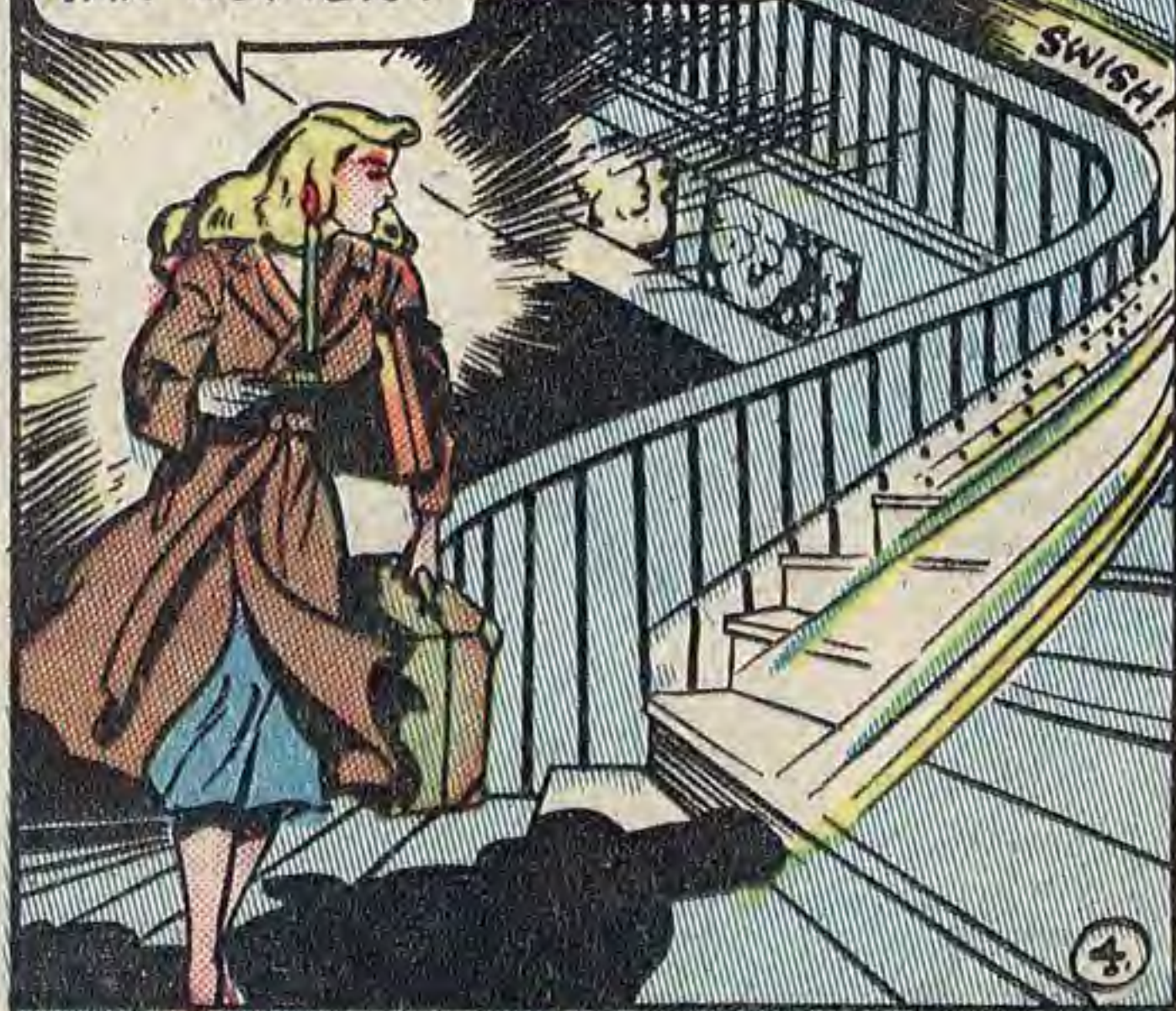


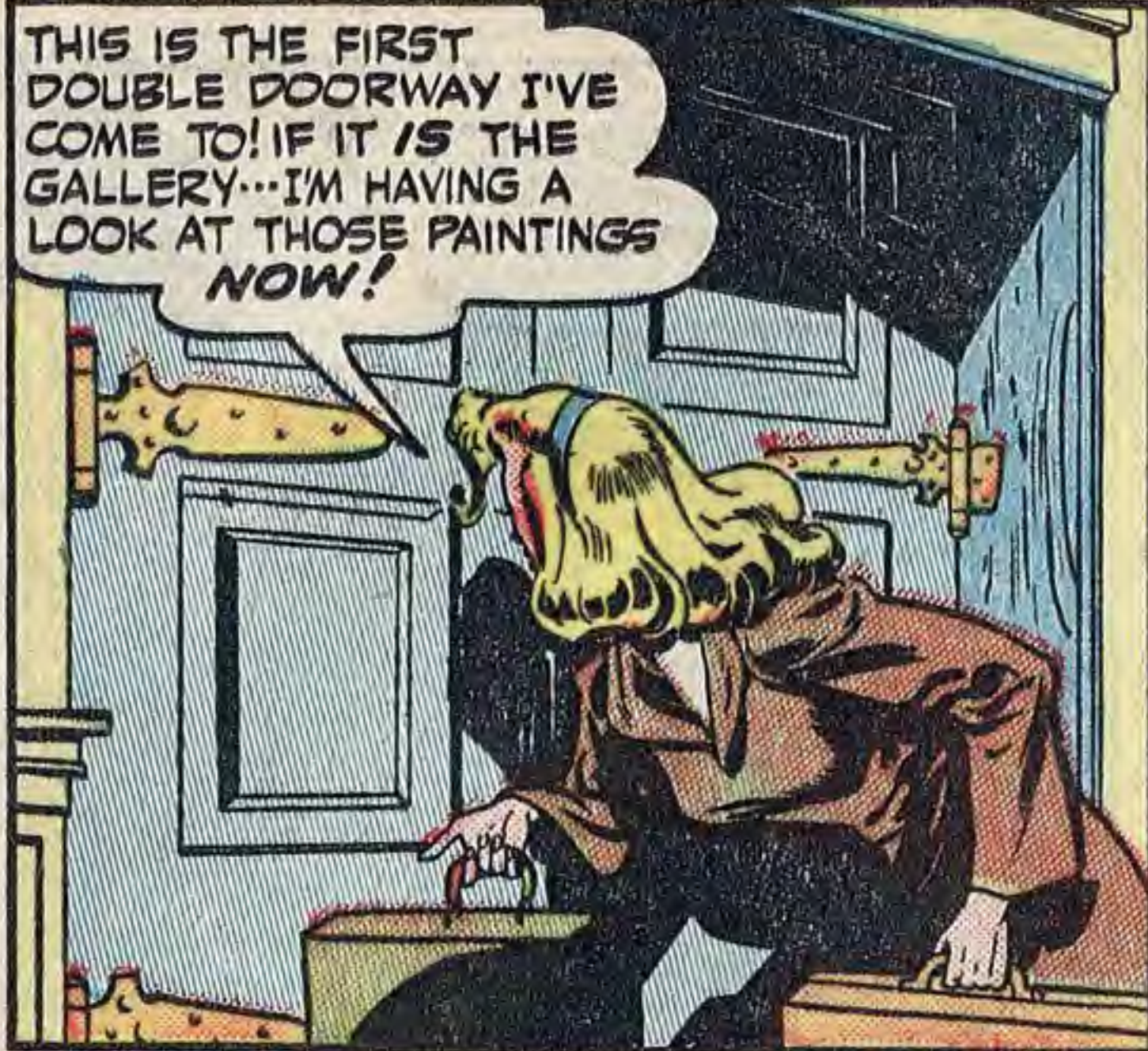
I SUPPOSE YOUR MASTER HAS
RETIRED... BUT I **WOULD** LIKE
A GLIMPSE OF THOSE VAN
RUYTER PAINTINGS!

THE... HOUR...
IS... TOO...
LATE! YOU...
WILL... FIND...
YOUR... ROOM
... NEAR... THE
... LANDING!

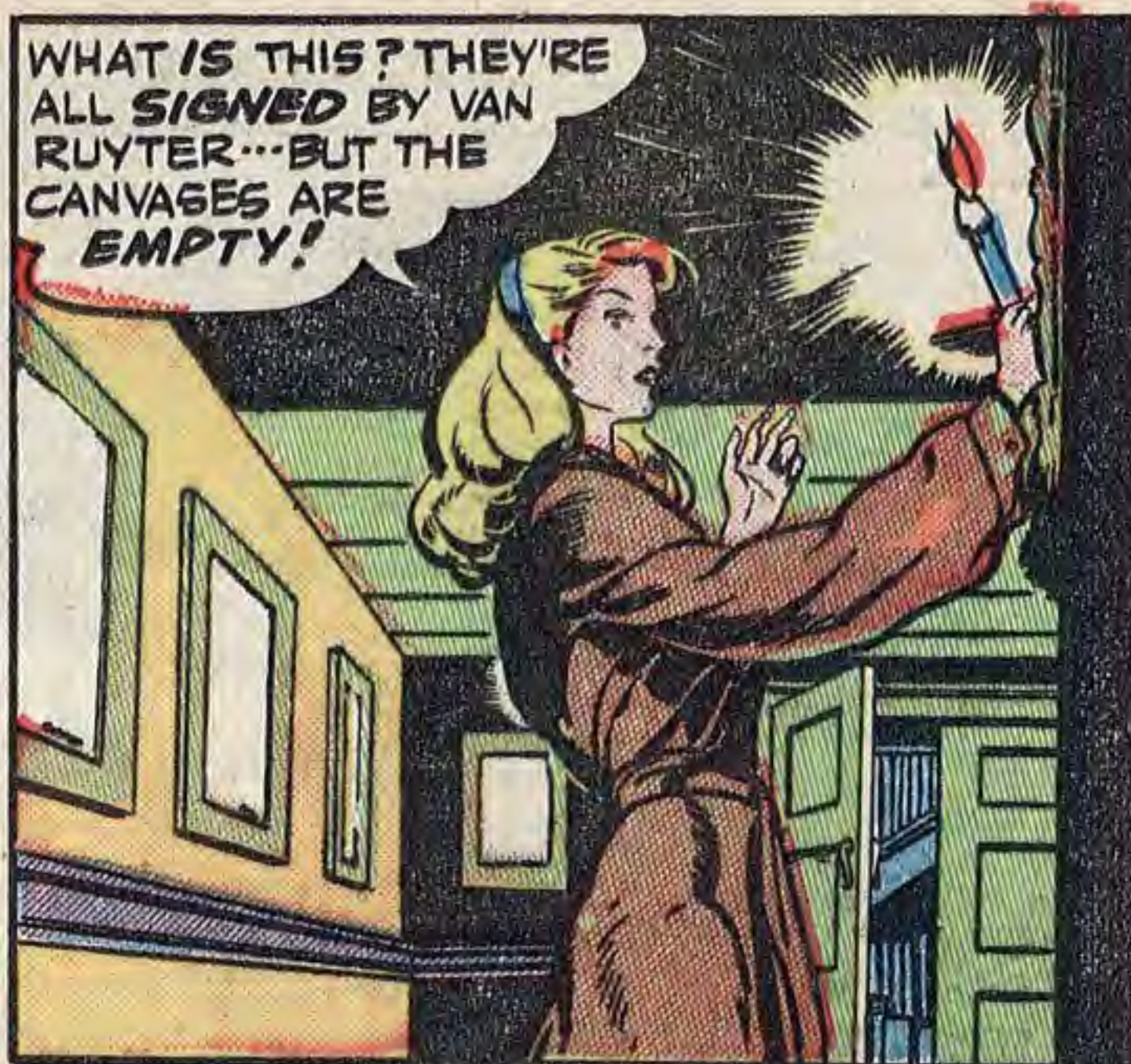


I COULD ALMOST SWEAR SOMETHING
MOVED INTO THE SHADOWS! **HERE'S**
THE SORT OF ATMOSPHERE I'VE
ALWAYS ASSOCIATED WITH
VAN RUYTER!





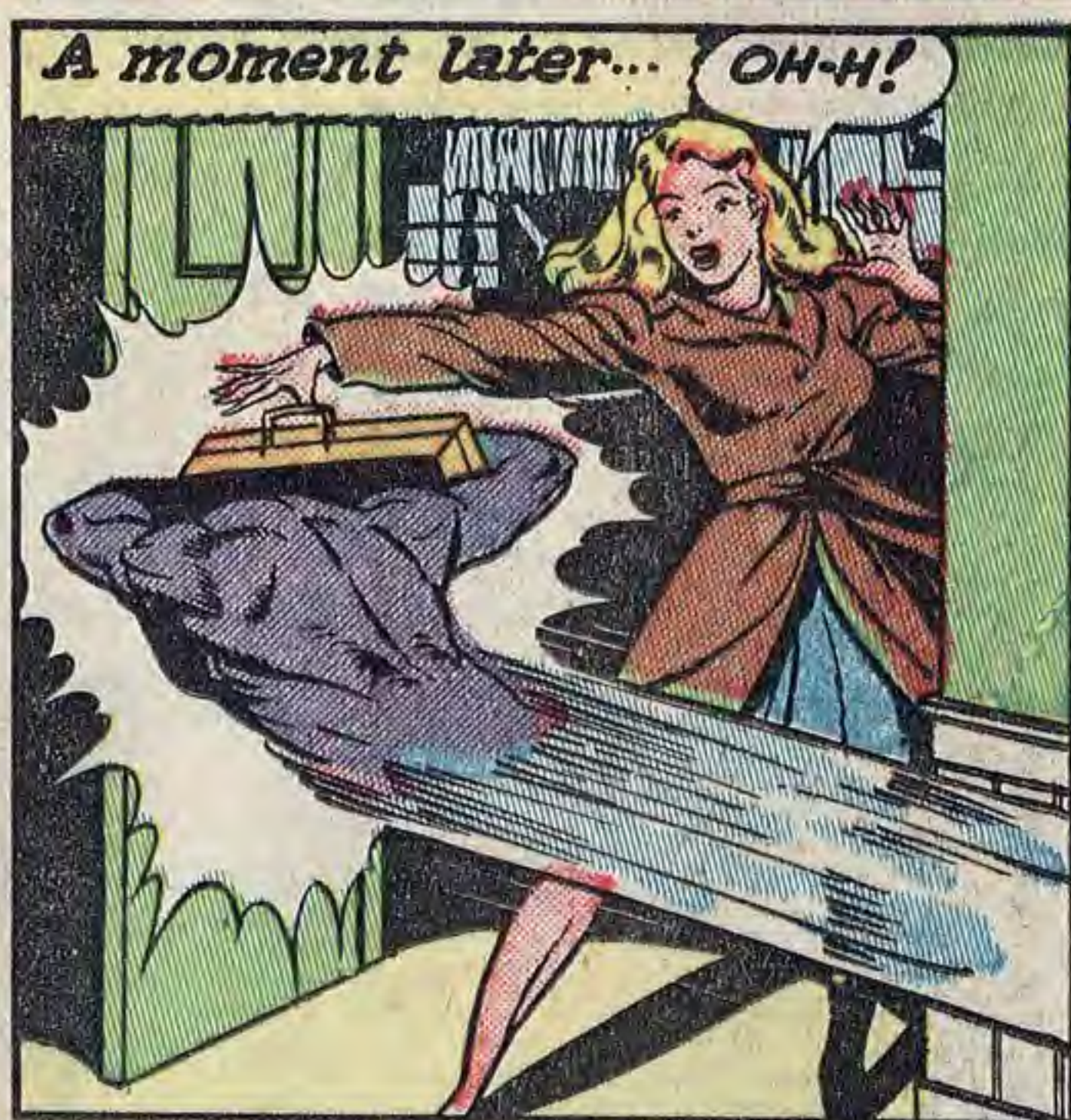
THIS IS THE FIRST
DOUBLE DOORWAY I'VE
COME TO! IF IT IS THE
GALLERY... I'M HAVING A
LOOK AT THOSE PAINTINGS
NOW!



WHAT IS THIS? THEY'RE
ALL **SIGNED** BY VAN
RUYTER... BUT THE
CANVASES ARE
EMPTY!



THERE'S SOMETHING **CLAMMY**
ABOUT THIS PLACE... AND I
DON'T LIKE THOSE FREAKISH-
LOOKING FOOTPRINTS,
EITHER!



A moment later... **OH-H!**



MY PAINTING KIT! **SOMETHING**
GRABBED IT... **SOMETHING**
WITHOUT HANDS!



I'M NOT GOING TO FRET MYSELF ABOUT
GHOSTS... BUT I AM GLAD I BROUGHT
THIS OLD PORTRAIT OF KEES VAN
RUYTER! SOMEHOW, I THINK HE'D **WARN**
ME IF THERE
WERE DANGER
HERE!

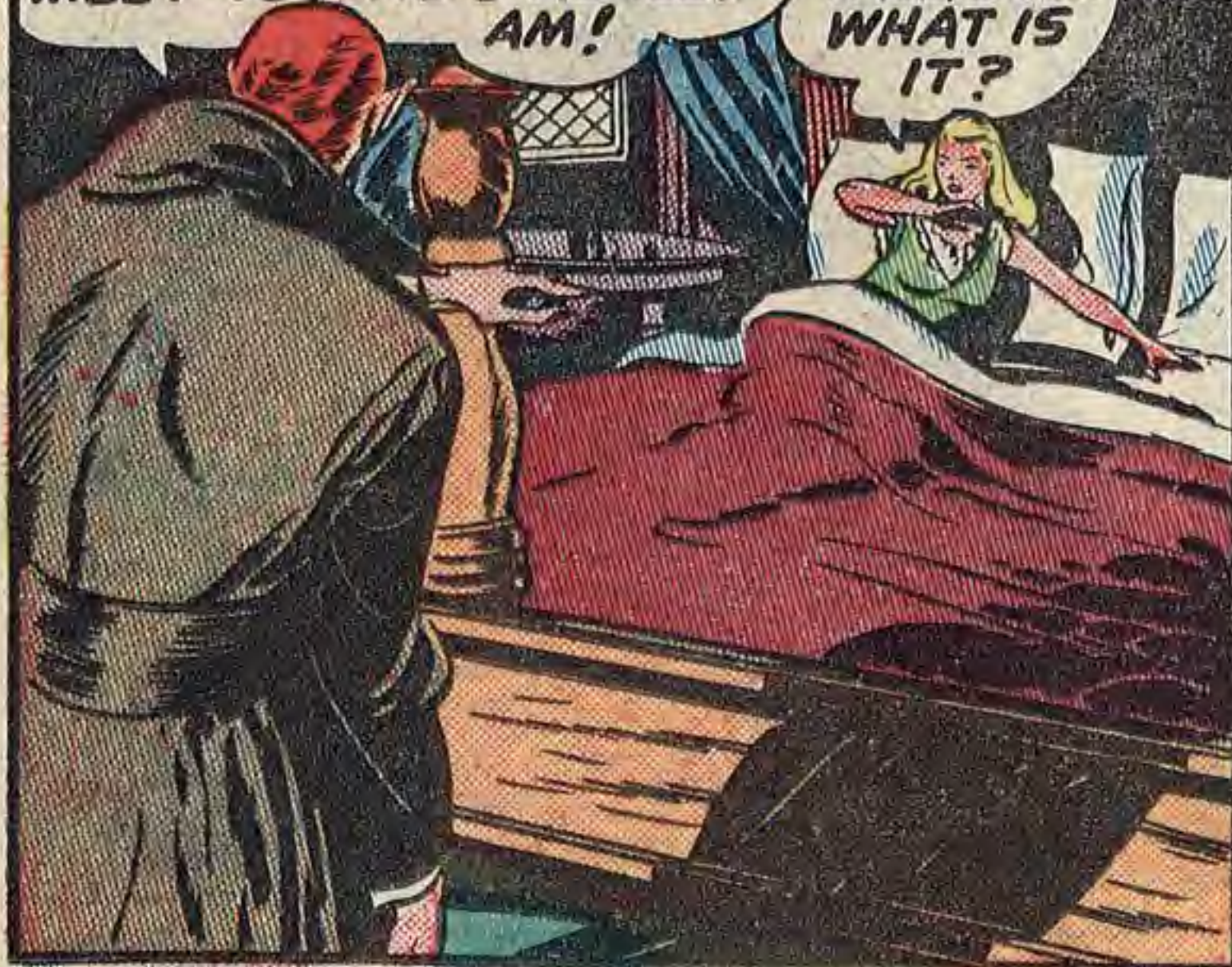
**SOON AFTERWARD...BREAKING
THE MOONLIT SILENCE...**

**VAN RUYTER'S
PORTRAIT! IT
TOPPLED
OVER!**



**I'M GLAD YOU RECOGNIZE
ME...NOW...WHEN I CAN
MEET YOU AS I REALLY
AM!**

**Y-YOU LURED
ME HERE FOR
A REASON!
WHAT IS
IT?**



Then...IN THE PALLID BEAMS...

**THAT FIGURE! IT MAY NOT BE
HUMAN...BUT I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE
...IN THE MUSEUM!**



**I FORCED VAN RUYTER
TO PAINT THOSE IMPS AND
FIENDS...AND BROUGHT
THEM TO LIFE AS MY
SLAVES! VAN RUYTER
KILLED HIMSELF TO ESCAPE
ME...BUT AFTER FIVE
CENTURIES... I HAVE YOU
TO CREATE NEW MONSTERS!**

**THIS IS
A NIGHT-
MARE...
SOME-
THING I'LL
WAKE
FROM
WHEN I
LEAVE
THIS
ROOM!**

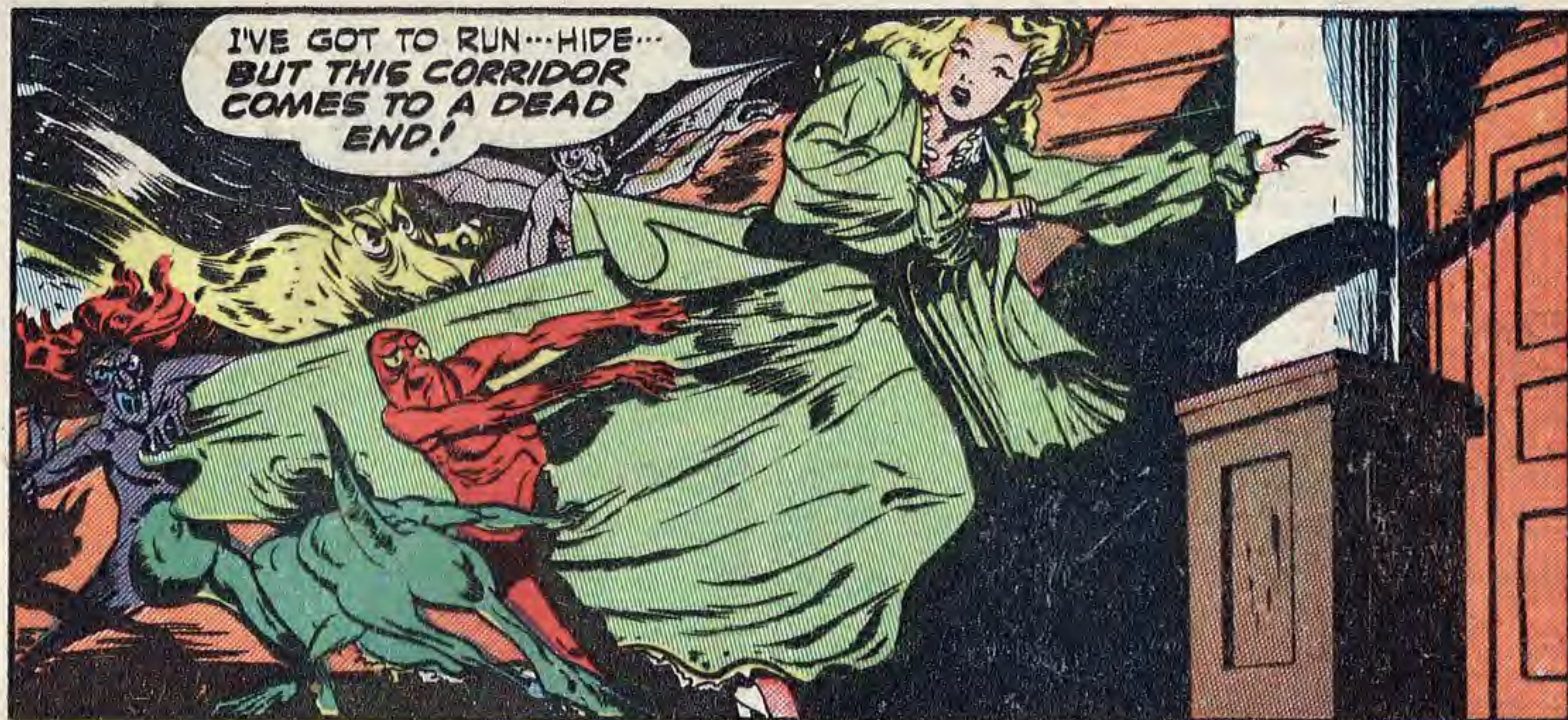


**BUT OUTSIDE...CACKLING
AND GIBBERING IN A
SWIRL OF HORROR...**

**IT'S NOT A DREAM! VAN RUYTER
PAINTED THESE THINGS
...AND NOW I KNOW
WHY HIS CANVASES
ARE EMPTY!**

**EMPTY...AND AWAITING
A NEW MASTER'S
HAND! ARE YOU
READY TO
PAINT?**





I'VE GOT TO RUN...HIDE...
BUT THIS CORRIDOR
COMES TO A DEAD
END!



WITH THE UNHOLY BAND PURSUING...

THE GALLERY DOOR!
IS THIS ANOTHER TRAP
...OR DID IT SWING
OPEN TO HELP ME?

CREEEEK!



Then...AS BETTY LEAPS IN...

SLAM!
OH-H!



KEES VAN
RUYTER!

I PRAYED YOU'D COME! I'VE
BEEN TRYING TO WORK WITH
THE PAINTING-KIT I SNATCHED
FROM YOU ...HOLDING THE BRUSH
IN MY TEETH!



PAINT? YOU MEAN
MORE OF THOSE
THINGS. POUNDING
OUTSIDE THE DOOR?

DIDN'T I DIE
TO STOP
PAINTING
THEM? LISTEN
...WHILE
THERE'S
STILL
TIME!

WAM!
BLAM!



I LEARNED IN THE SPIRIT WORLD THAT THE GHOUL'S POWER WILL FADE...IF HIS FEATURES ARE PAINTED ON CANVAS BEFORE MIDNIGHT! WILL YOU BE MY HANDS... WILL YOU TRAP THE FIEND?

I SPENT YEARS COPYING YOUR TECHNIQUE... AND MAYBE FATE FORE- SAW THE REASON!



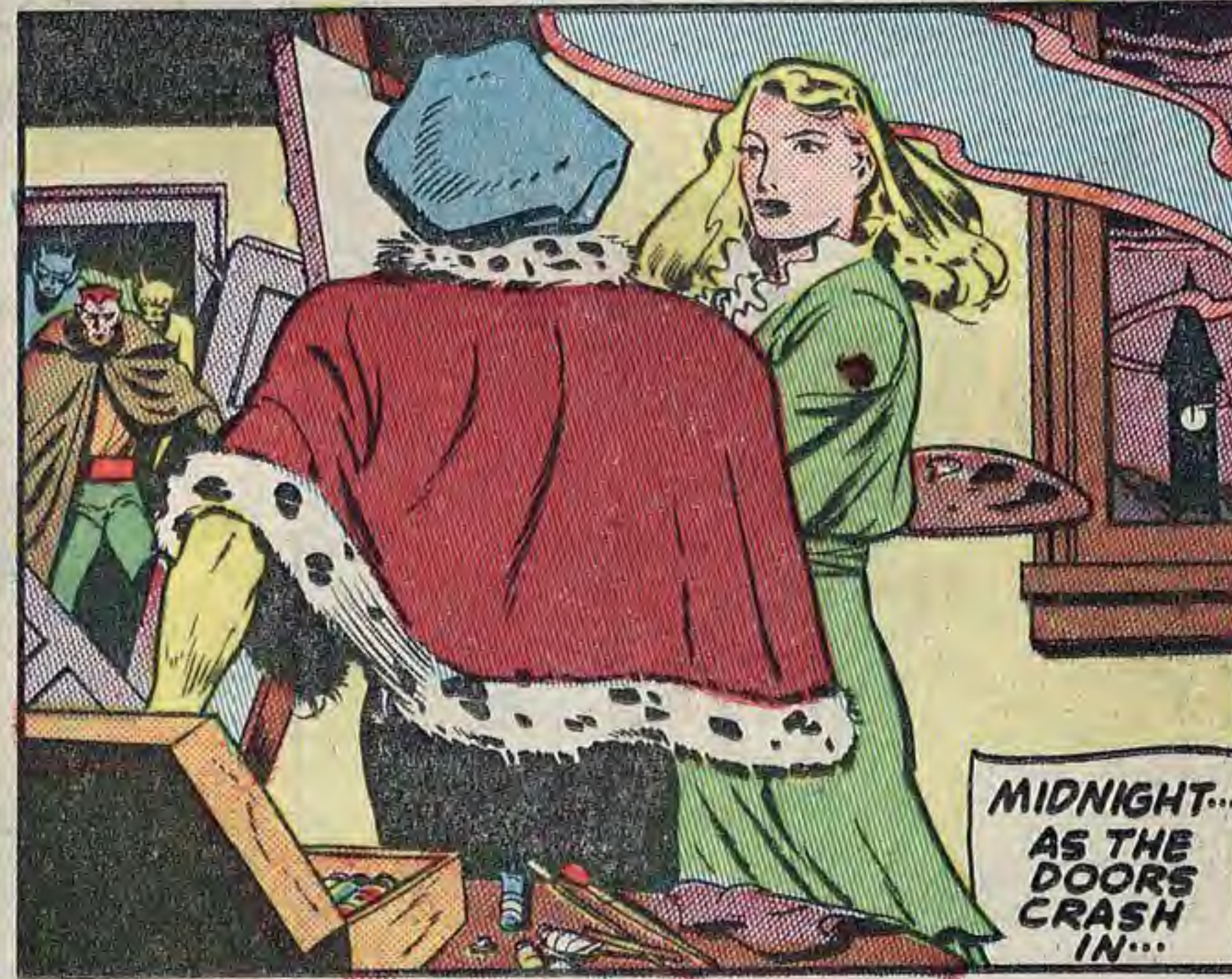
BUT IS THERE TIME? WILL THE DOORS HOLD?

THEY'RE MADE OF HAZELWOOD...A CHARM AGAINST EVIL FORCES UNTIL THE MOON SETS! ...AND TONIGHT IT SETS AT MIDNIGHT!



AS THE MINUTES CREEP... AND THE GHOSTLY MOON WANES...

HURRY... HURRY!



MIDNIGHT... AS THE DOORS CRASH IN...

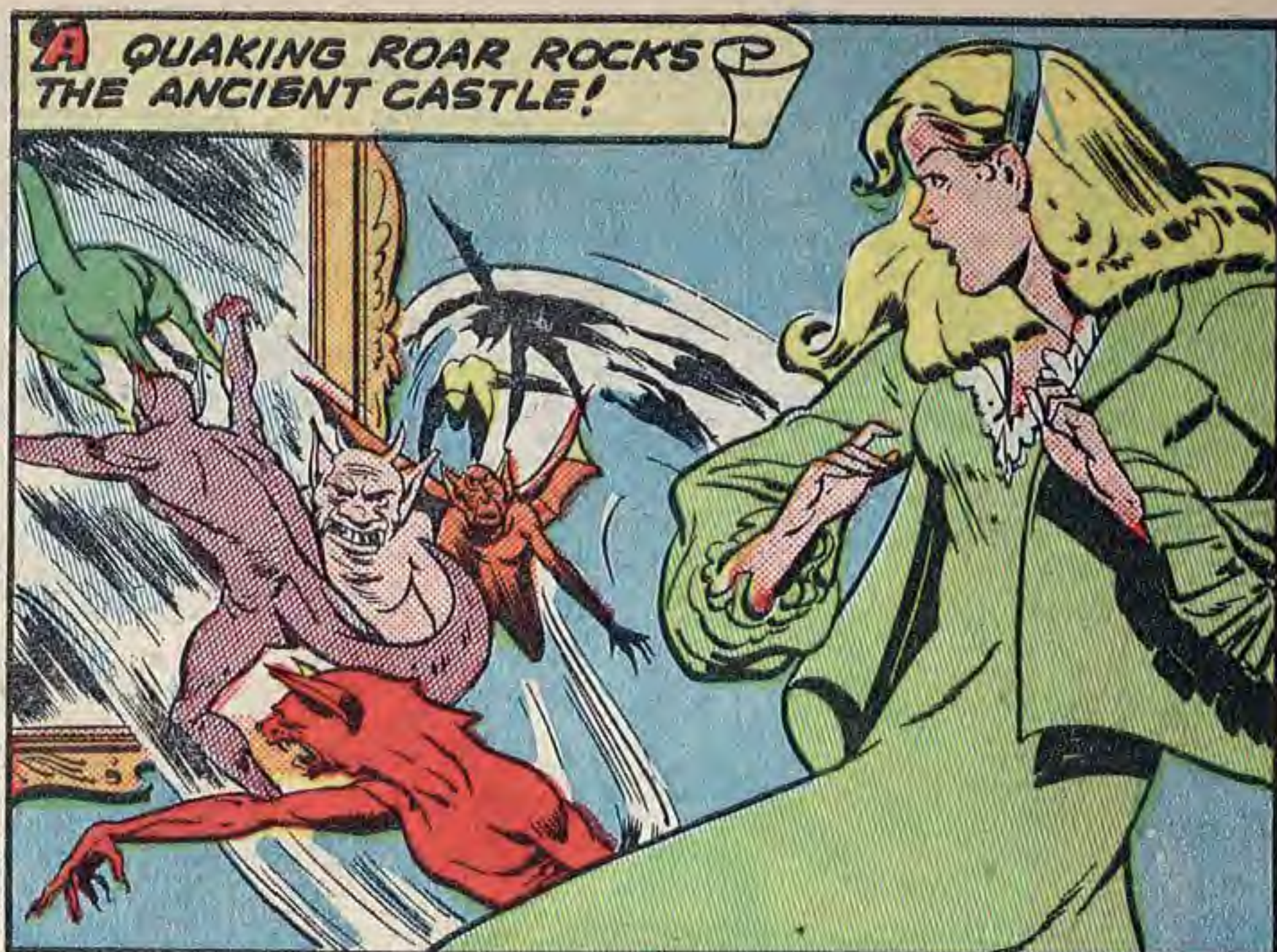


HAH! WHAT GOOD DID IT DO TO CUT OFF YOUR HANDS, VAN RUYTER...WHEN I'VE GOT SOMEONE WHO CAN PAINT AS WELL AS YOU EVER DID?

DO YOU THINK SO, FIEND? THEN PER- HAPS YOU'LL BE INTERESTED IN HER NEWEST MASTERPIECE ...THIS!



YAAAAGH! SHE'S PAINTED ME... AND THAT'S MY END!



A QUAKING ROAR ROCKS THE ANCIENT CASTLE!



THEY'RE IMPRISONED ON THE CANVASES...JUST AS YOU PAINTED THEM!



THEY HAVE FOLLOWED THEIR CURSED MASTER... TO OBLIVION! AND NOW...



VAN RUYTER...YOU'RE FADING TOO! PLEASE... DON'T GO YET!

I'M FREE, NOW! FORGET THOSE SCENES OF EVIL TERROR... AND PAINT THE THINGS I WANTED TO PAINT! AND WHEN YOUR BRUSH FALTERS...THINK OF KEES VAN RUYTER... AND WHAT YOU DID FOR HIM!



Several weeks later...

WONDERFUL PORTRAIT, BETTY... BUT YOU'LL REMEMBER THE POOR DEVIL LOST HIS HANDS!

MAYBE... BUT AS LONG AS I LIVE...AS LONG AS I PAINT...KEES VAN RUYTER WILL HAVE HANDS!

The END.

Phantom of the Seas

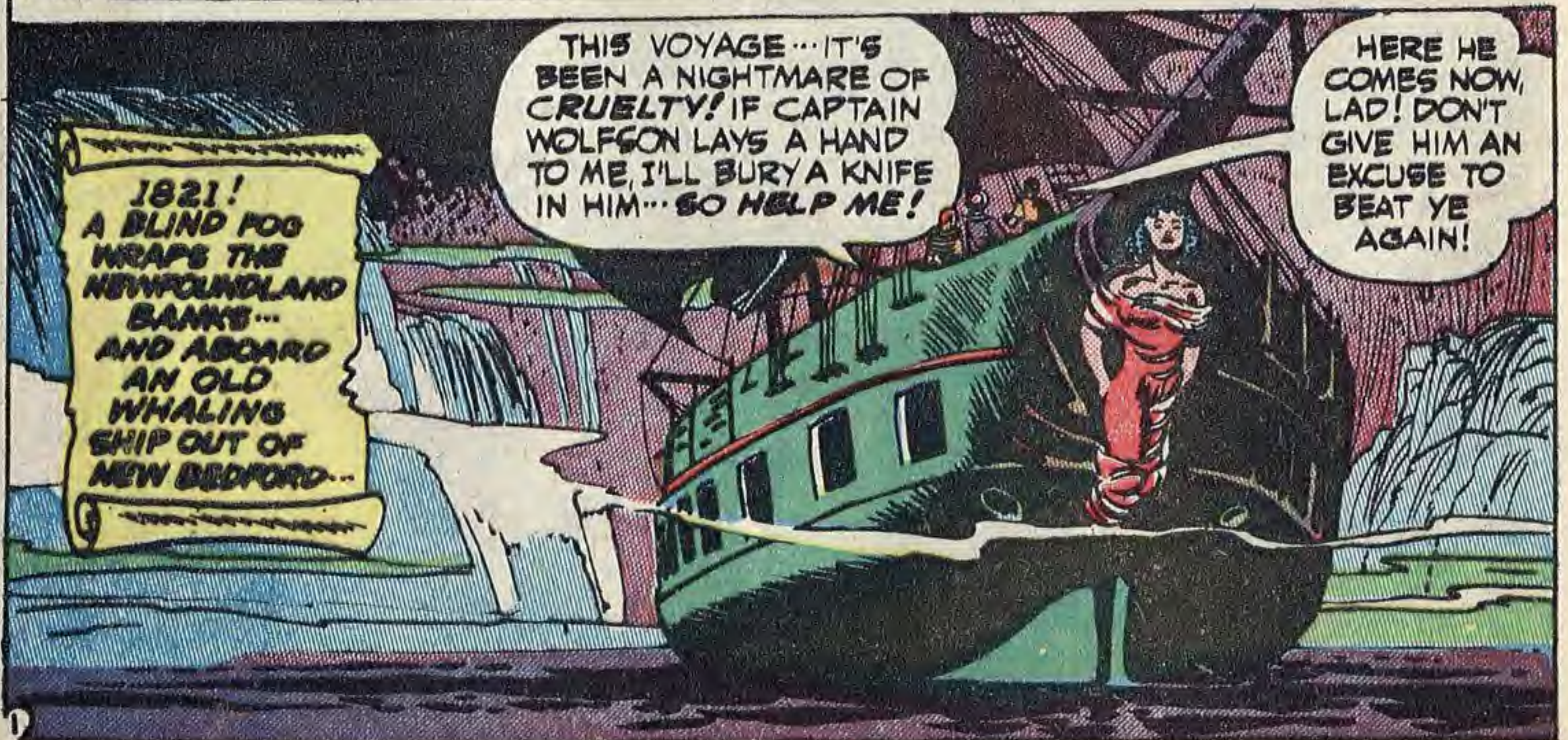


MANY AND STRANGE ARE THE STORIES THE SEA HIDES... BUT NONE MORE FRIGHTFUL THAN THE TALE OF A MURDEROUS PHANTOM IMPRISONED FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY, WHOSE RELEASE SPREAD A PALL OF TERROR!

THIS VOYAGE... IT'S BEEN A NIGHTMARE OF CRUELTY! IF CAPTAIN WOLFSON LAYS A HAND TO ME, I'LL BURY A KNIFE IN HIM... SO HELP ME!

HERE HE COMES NOW, LAD! DON'T GIVE HIM AN EXCUSE TO BEAT YE AGAIN!

1821!
A BLIND FOG
WRAPS THE
NEWFOUNDLAND
BANKS...
AND ABOARD
AN OLD
WHALING
SHIP OUT OF
NEW BEDFORD...





I ORDERED YOU ALOFT, YOU YOUNG WHELP! GET UP THAT MAST OR I'LL LASH YOU TO IT!

I'LL NOT CLIMB TO MY DEATH! I... I'VE STOOD ALL I CAN FROM YOU!



TRY TO KNIFE ME, WILL YOU? TAKE THAT!

CRACK!



STRING HIM UP BY THE THUMBS AND GIVE HIM FIFTY LASHES! THEN CHAIN HIM IN THE BRIG! HE'LL HANG FOR THIS!

WOLFSON'S A MANIAC! HE'S INVITIN' MUTINY, BUT... I'M AFRAID TO CROSS HIM!

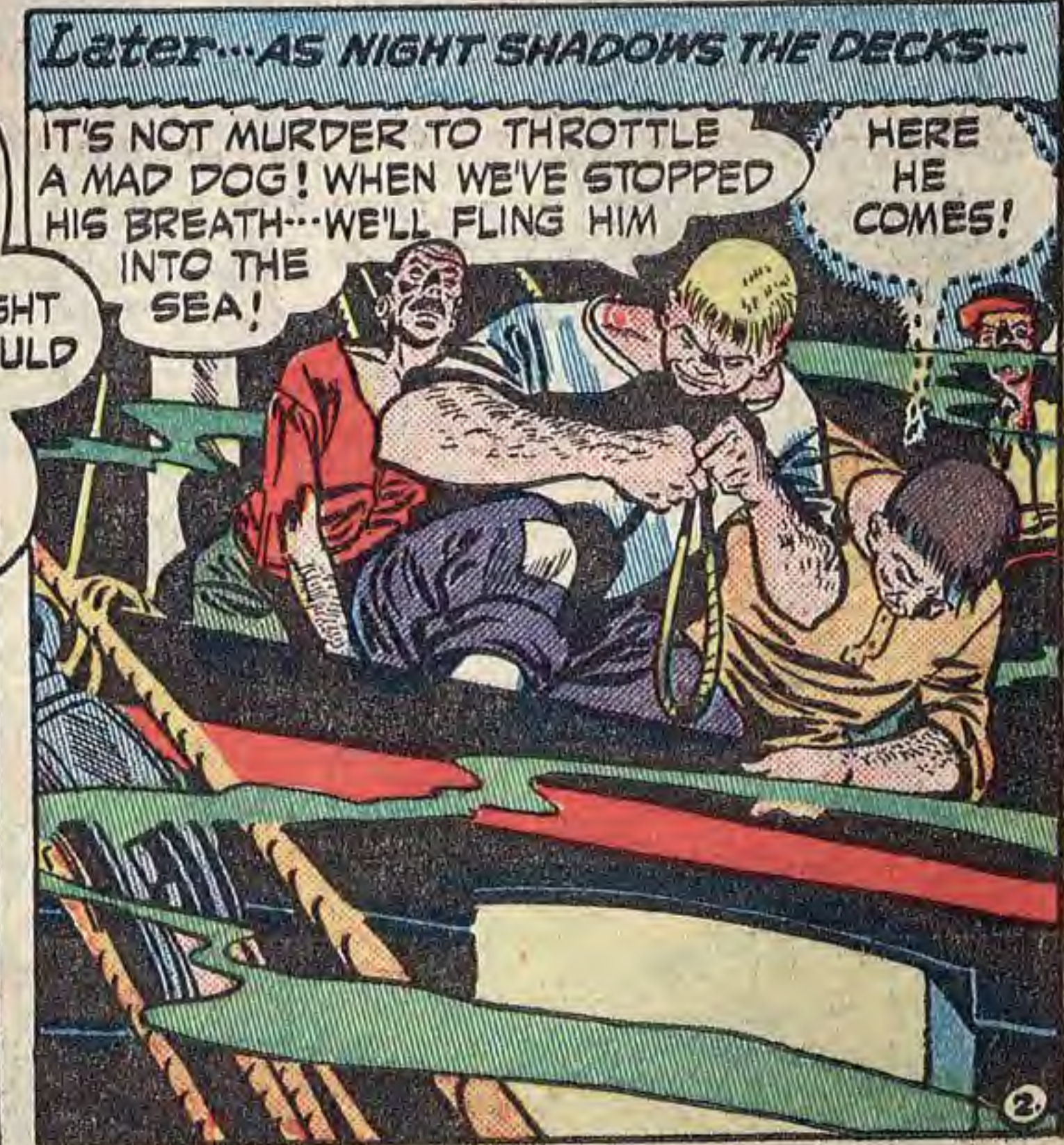


Then, with his cruel rage appeased... WOLFSON RETIRES TO HIS CABIN...

MY SHIP... IN A BOTTLE! I AM BOUND TO IT, AND IT IS BOUND TO ME! IT IS FLESH OF MY FLESH, BONE OF MY BONE!



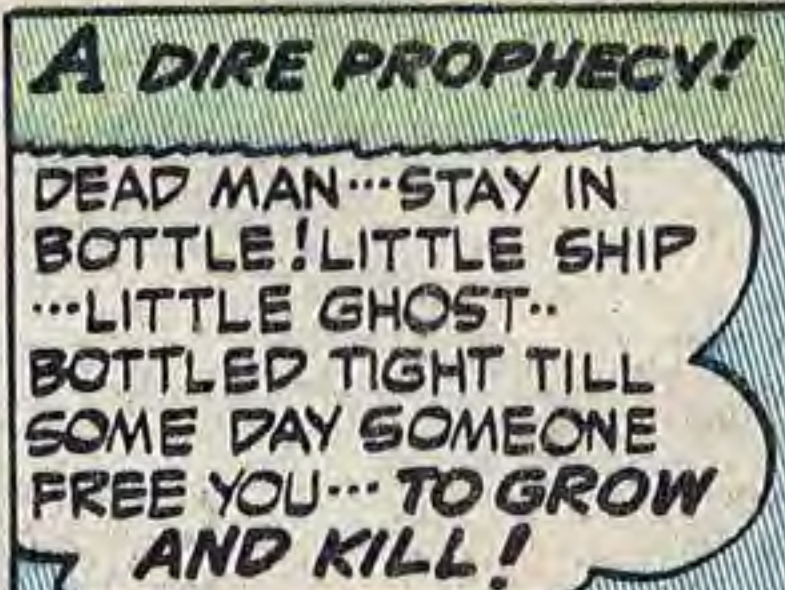
I DID NOT DREAM WHEN I CARVED IT THAT IT WOULD SHARE MY DESTINY! IT IS A MAGIC TALISMAN... AND IT HAS BROUGHT ME LUCK! BUT I COULD NOT SURVIVE ITS DESTRUCTION! I MUST TAKE CARE TO GUARD IT WITH MY LIFE!



Later... AS NIGHT SHADOWS THE DECKS--

IT'S NOT MURDER TO THROTTLE A MAD DOG! WHEN WE'VE STOPPED HIS BREATH... WE'LL FLING HIM INTO THE SEA!

HERE HE COMES!



1948!
AND A
SUMMER
CRUISE
TAKES
STEPHEN
KNOWLES
AND HIS
FAMILY
AROUND THE
TIP OF CAPE
COD...AND UP
A CROOKED
LANE TO A
LITTLE ANTIQUE
SHOP!



LOOK! A SAIL-
ING SHIP IN A
BOTTLE! I BET
IF BOBBY TRIED
TO GET IT OUT, HE'D
BREAK IT ALL
TO PIECES!

MAMA!
THAT'S
YOU!

SHE MEANS THAT
WOODEN FIGUREHEAD,
STEPHEN! IT DOES
LOOK LIKE ME!



THE IMAGE OF MY WIFE...
ON AN OLD WHALING SHIP!
WELL...THEY SAY MOST OF THESE
SHIPS WERE CHRISTENED BY
BEAUTIFUL WOMEN! MAYBE
THAT WOODEN GIRL WAS
ONE OF YOUR
ANCESTORS,
JOAN!

YOU BOUGHT
IT FOR ME,
DIDN'T YOU,
DADDY?

That night...ABOARD
STEPHEN'S YACHT...



BETTY SAID I
COULDN'T GET
THE SHIP OUT!
SMARTIE! I'LL
SHOW HER!



OH-HHH!
SOMETHING'S
COMING OUT
OF IT! SOME-
THING COLD
AND
W-WHITE...
JEEPERS!



HELP!



THE BOY FREED
ME...BUT I CAN'T
LET HIM LIVE TO
TELL ANYONE!

MOM!
H-HELP!

SAFE IN HIS PARENTS' CABIN... BOBBY MEETS WITH DISBELIEF!

IT'S NATURAL FOR A SCARED KID TO TURN TO HIS MOTHER, I SUPPOSE! BUT WHEN I WAS A KID, I TRIED TO STAND ON MY OWN FEET!

STEPHEN, HE THOUGHT HE SAW SOMETHING HORRIBLE! HE'S FRIGHTENED OUT OF HIS WITS!

I... I DID SEE IT, MOM! I DID! I DID!

Later...

I BELIEVE YOU, BOBBY! HONEST! I'M JUST AS SCARED AS YOU ARE!

WHO SAYS I'M SCARED? I WENT ON DECK AND GOT THE BOTTLE, DIDN'T I?

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS... FROM OUT OF THE CHILLING DARK...

WHAT WAS THAT? D-DID YOU HEAR ANYTHING? BETTY!

SWISHH!

STEPHEN! STEPHEN! WAKE UP! THE CHILDREN...

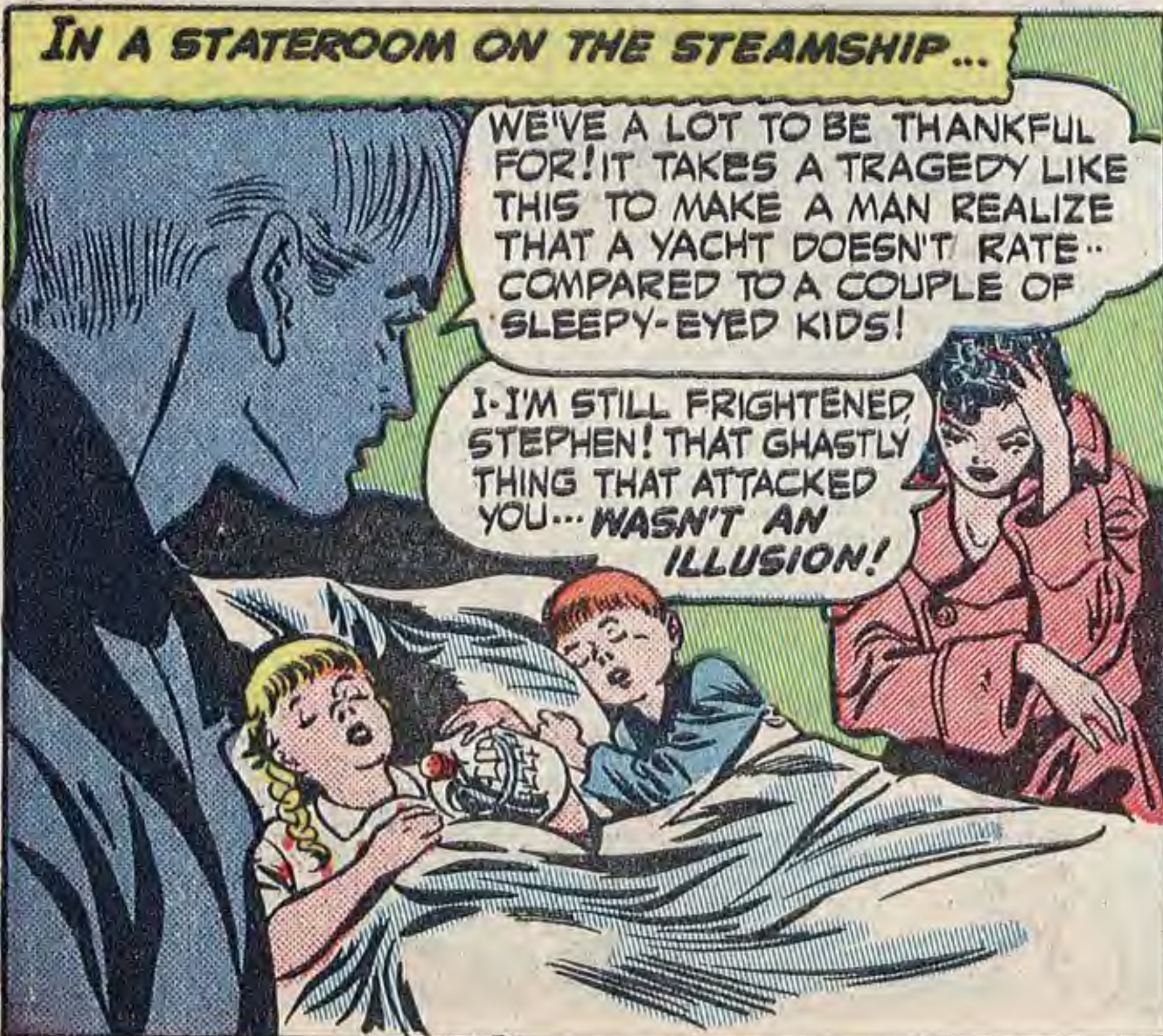
H-HELP! MAMA! IT'S AFTER BOBBY!

THERE MUST BE A MANIAC ON BOARD! STAY BACK, JOAN... I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

MERCIFUL HEAVENS! IT... IT'S NOT HUMAN!

CAN'T STOP IT! BULLETS... G-GO RIGHT THROUGH IT! AHHH!

BLAM! BLAM!





**A BRUTAL, GHOSTLY MASTER
...KILLING MURDEROUSLY
IN THE NIGHT!**

ARRGG!

**NO! NO!
OH-HHH!**

HELP!



**And later... YOU SAY YOUR SON
SAW THE SPECTER
COME OUT OF THIS BOTTLE?
HMM...I'VE SAILED THE SEAS TOO
LONG NOT TO BELIEVE IN **BLACK
MAGIC!** A GHOST IN A BOTTLE
...IT'S A WEST INDIAN **OUANGAS**
TRICK!**



**WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT GHOST BACK
INTO THE BOTTLE! I THINK WE CAN DO
IT...WITH A **LIVING LURE!** YOUR WIFE
RESEMBLES THAT WOODEN FIGUREHEAD!
MAYBE IF SHE CRADLES THE BOTTLED
SHIP IN HER ARMS...THE **SPECTER**
WILL BE DRAWN
BACK!**



**WILLING TO TAKE
THE RISK? YOU'LL
HAVE TO REPEAT
CERTAIN WORDS...
BUT I'LL TELL YOU
WHAT TO SAY!**

**OF COURSE
I'LL DO IT!**

**NO SHE
WON'T!
I'LL NOT
HAVE HER
RISK HER
LIFE!**



IN THE HOUR PRECEDING DAWN...

**THE CHILDREN ARE IN DEADLY
DANGER, SO LONG AS THAT FOUL
SPECTER IS FREE TO KILL! I'M
GOING THROUGH WITH IT!**



**A moment later...alone
and brave...**

**SHIP THAT BEARS MY IMAGE--
SAIL THE DEEP ONCE MORE!
RETURN, OH GHOST, UNTO YOUR SHIP,
AND LEAVE IT NEVERMORE!**



**HA...SHE THINKS I AM
DECEIVED BY HER LIKE-
NESS TO THAT FIGURE-
HEAD! THINKS TO TRAP
ME, DOES SHE?**



OHH!
GIVE ME
THAT
BOTTLE,
VIXEN! I'LL
KILL YE...
KILL!



STEPHEN!
H-HELP!

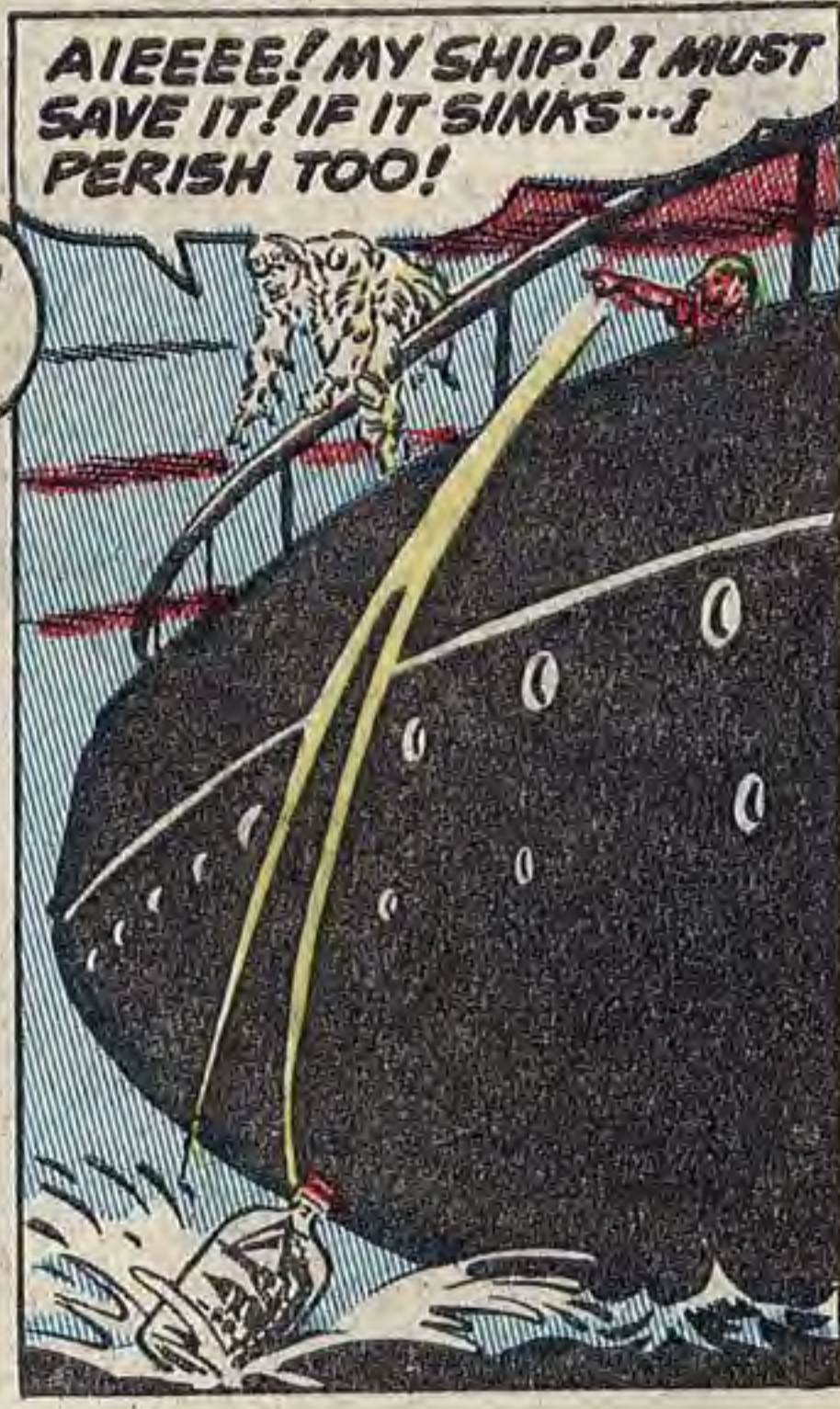


FIGHT HIM
OFF, JOAN!
I'LL GET
HIM!



AS THE CRUEL SPIRIT
TURNS ON STEPHEN...

I...I'LL THROW
THE LITTLE SHIP
INTO THE SEA!
THEN M-MAYBE
THE GHOST
WILL DROWN
IF HE TRIES
TO GET IT
BACK!



AIEEEE! MY SHIP! I MUST
SAVE IT! IF IT SINKS...I
PERISH TOO!



FROM THE RAGING SEA... A GHOSTLY BODY
RISES IN FLAMING AGONY!

MERCIFUL
HEAVENS!
LOOK!



WE'RE SAFE NOW, DARLING! STEADY! THAT
FOUL THING IS DONE FOR! BRIMSTONE
AND WATER DON'T MIX... AND A CAPTAIN
MUST GO DOWN WITH HIS SHIP...
THOUGH IT SINK TO HADES!

THE
END

True GHOSTS of HISTORY

"THE GRIM LADY OF RAYNHAM HALL"

SCIENCE TELLS US THAT THERE ARE NO SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS, AND RIGHTLY SO. BUT DOWN THROUGH THE AGES, STORIES HAVE COME TO US WHICH INSIST THAT THEY DO EXIST... AND OFFER SEEMING PROOF! HERE'S A STORY OF A GHOST THAT MANY HAVE BELIEVED IN... THE GRIM LADY OF RAYNHAM HALL!



IN 1837... AT ANCIENT RAYNHAM HALL...

YOU'RE A FAMOUS AUTHOR, CAPTAIN MARRYATT... IF ONLY YOU COULD SEE THE GRIM LADY, YOU COULD PROVE TO THE WORLD THAT HER GHOST WALKS!

NONSENSE! I'D LIKE TO SEE YOUR "GHOST" FACE A PISTOL-BALL!

A LIGHT! IF THAT'S SHE... WE'LL SOON SEE!

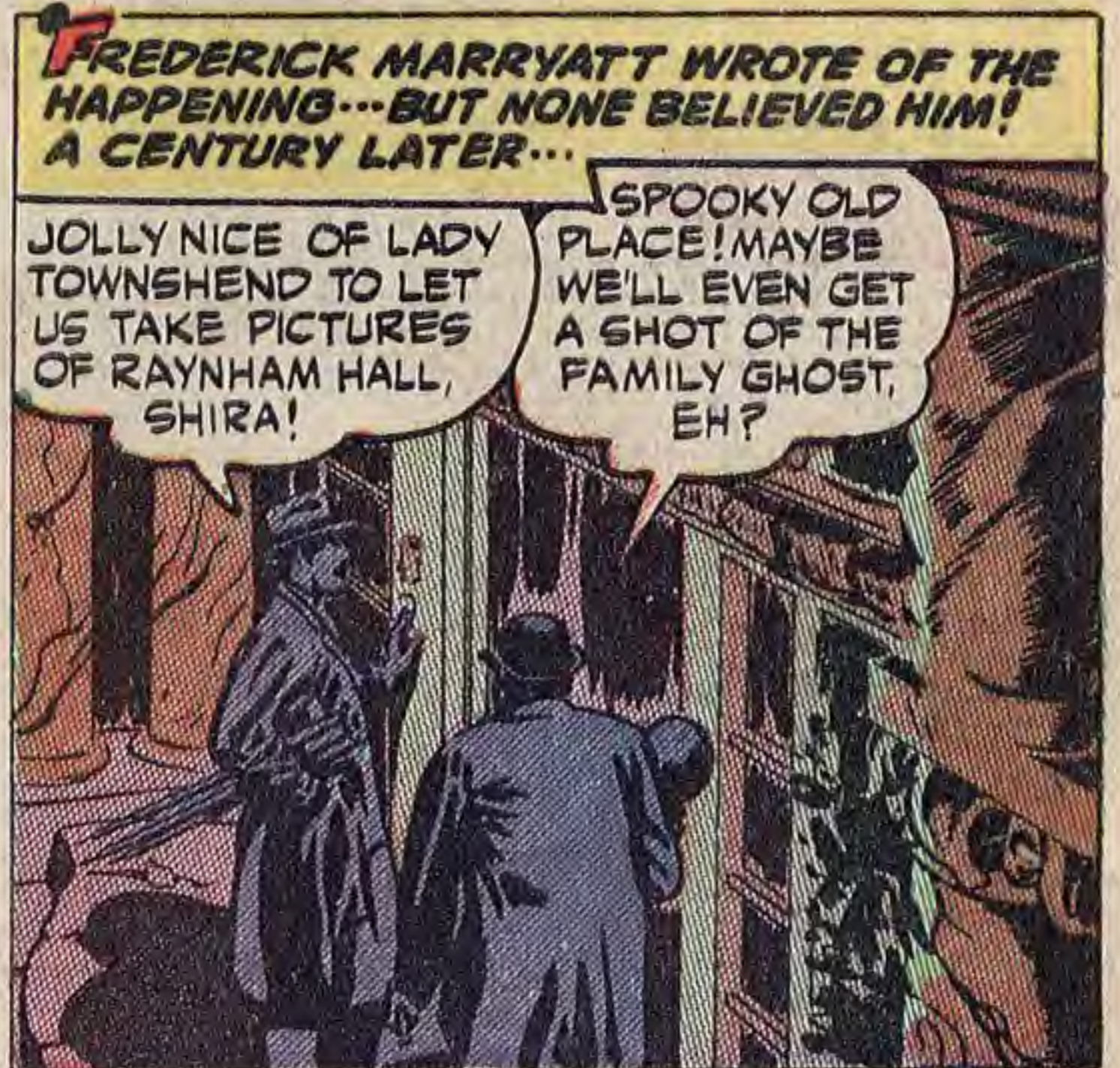


Then... GLIDING FROM THE SHADOWS...

IT'S A TRICK! STAND FAST, YOU... LET'S SEE YOUR FACE!



IN AN EERIE LIGHT... A SPECTRAL FACE EMERGES!



LITTLE DID THE PHOTOGRAPHER DREAM OF THE TRUTH BEHIND HIS JEST! AS THE CAMERA FOCUSED ON THE GREAT STAIRCASE...

TH-THERE'S SOMETHING COMING DOWN THE STAIRS... SOMETHING OUT OF THIS WORLD! QUICK, PROVAND... SNAP THE SHUTTER!



AND WHEN THE FILM WAS DEVELOPED... THIS WAS SEEN!

PEOPLE MAY DOUBT THE EXISTENCE OF THE GRIM LADY... BUT A CAMERA DOESN'T LIE! AND THIS IS WHAT THE CAMERA SAW!



TALK-SING-PLAY

THROUGH YOUR OWN RADIO

WITH THE SUPER

ROLEY

HOME RADIO

MIKE!



ATTACHES TO ANY RADIO

Amaze and mystify your friends by talking about them over your own radio. Create and broadcast shows, commercials and "news flashes". Just flick the button on this professional, studio-type "mike" and you cut in instantly on any program, make believe you are on with big stars. It's loads of fun, and good training, too! This professional-looking switch-button "mike" comes complete with long insulated cord. Everything complete, ready to attach in minutes.

SEND NO MONEY Examine, use this wonderful microphone at home, without risk. Send no money, just name and address. On arrival pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage, or send \$2.00 with order and save postage. Order Today!

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230 Grand St., New York 13, N. Y.

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☐ I enclose \$1.98 send postpaid.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY..... STATE.....

No C.O.D.'s outside U.S.A.



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SING! TALK! ACT! PLAY ANY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT!

ENJOY MAKING RECORDS IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME

Make records right in your own home by just singing, talking, acting, or playing musical instrument into NEW HOME RECORD MAKING UNIT. This wonderful unit records on the blank records furnished with your recording kit. No processing of the record required... just make your recording. Immediately ready for playback. Works with most any type of standard record player—hand winding, portable, radio-phonograph combination or electrical phonographs, AC or DC.

You get everything. Acoustic recording head, special recording needle, playback needles, 6 two-sided records (enough for 12 recordings), spiral feeding attachment and complete easy to follow directions. No waiting, just make your record and play back on any phonograph.



SEND NO MONEY Mail coupon and we'll send complete NEW HOME RECORD MAKER, C.O.D. for only \$8.49 plus postage or send \$8.49 and we pay postage. Additional blank records \$2.00 per dozen (24 sides)

Amazing
LOW PRICE
only
\$8.49
COMPLETE

THINK OF IT! I JUST MADE THIS RECORD WITH THE HOME RECORD MAKER!

IT'S SO SIMPLE! LET ME MAKE A RECORD

GEE BOB, IT WORKS GREAT!



MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS at HOME

EASY AS SPEAKING INTO A PHONE —
NEEDS NO SPECIAL "RECORDING TECHNIQUE."

RECORDOGRAPH CORP. of America
Dept. T-162 230 Grand St., New York 13
Send entire RECORD MAKING OUTFIT, including 6 blank 2-sided records.

- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$8.49 plus postage.
☐ I enclose \$8.49 send complete outfit postpaid.

Name

Address

City, Zone, State

Send additional blank records at \$2 per dozen

Amazing

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There's lots of fun for young and old with this new easy to operate 16mm hand-operated movie projector. Cost is low—enjoyment high. Pays for itself in the first week's fun. See the big shows or use home movies, but, enjoy the fun in your own living room. Grand for the kids. AC or DC. It's years of fun for only \$6.98.

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Just send name and address and \$1. On delivery pay postman \$5.98 plus postage. Or send \$6.98 and we ship postpaid.

Catalog of film available—included free.

Complete

SEND Today!

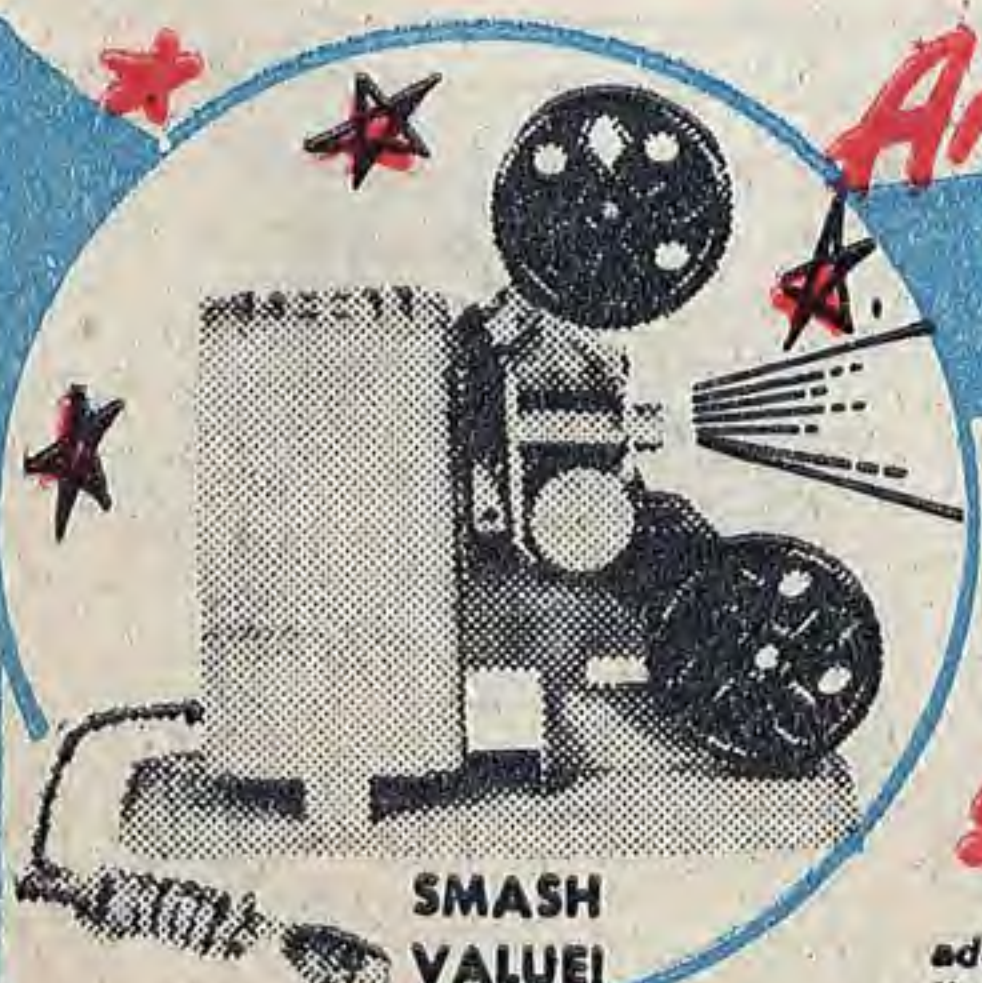
MAIL MART INC., Dept. P-162
230 Grand Street, New York 13, N. Y.

- ☐ Send Projector, I enclose \$1. On delivery I will pay postman \$5.98 plus postage.
☐ I enclose \$6.98, saving postage.

Name

Address

City, Zone, State



SMASH
VALUE!

- Easy to operate
- All metal construction
- Use ordinary electric bulb
- 50 Foot reel capacity
- Simple handwind operation

Reducing Specialist Says:



"Thanks to the Spot Reducer, I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.

LOSE WEIGHT

where it shows most

REDUCE

most any part of the body with

SPOT REDUCER



Miss Nancy Mace, Bronx, N. Y., says: "I went from size 16 dress to a size 12 with the use of the Spot Reducer. I am glad I used it."

DOCTORS PROVE BY ACTUAL TEST THAT THIS EASY TO USE SPOT REDUCER HELPS LOSE POUNDS AND INCHES WHERE IT SHOWS MOST. Yes . . . Doctors say that this method of reducing will help you lose weight easily, pleasantly, safely. Nothing internal to take, No pills, laxatives or harmful drugs. Just think of it you can lose weight in SPOTS, just in the places it shows most. All you do is follow the instructions of this amazing, new, scientifically designed SPOT REDUCER.

HOW SPOT REDUCER WORKS. The Spot Reducer uses the age old principle of massage. It breaks down excess fatty tissue, tones the muscles and flesh and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat economically, simply, pleasantly. In a recent Medical Book, edited by the chairman and two other members of Council on Physical Therapy of AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, the following is stated on page 34, Chapter 18, Vol. 3: "Beyond all question something can be done by massage to reduce local deposits of FAT . . . There can however, be no question that massage applied to the region of the HIPS can and does, reduce the amount of fatty deposits in this region". This book is a reliable unbiased source of information and many doctors refer to it for the last word in Physical Therapy. This prompted us to develop and have doctors test the SPOT REDUCER.

HERE IS PROOF POSITIVE THAT THE SPOT REDUCER WORKS!

In recent tests made by outstanding licensed Medical Doctors on more than 100 people with the use of Spot Reducer everyone lost pounds and inches in a few short weeks, in HIPS, ABDOMEN, LEGS, ARMS, BUTTOCKS, etc. And the users say: "IT WAS FUN AND THEY ENJOYED IT." The Spot Reducer worked as well on men as it did on women. The Spot Reducer way controls weight, once down to normal it helps retain your new "SLIM FIGURE" as long as you like. Look and feel better, see bulges disappear within the first weeks. The beauty of this scientifically designed SPOT REDUCER is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. Thousands have lost weight this way in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in the privacy of your own room in your spare time.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE WITH A 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

If the "Spot Reducer" doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it most, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, your money will be returned at once.

MAIL COUPON NOW!

The "Spot Reducer" Co., Dept. DR-12
871 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Send me at once, for \$2 cash, check or money order, the "Spot Reducer" and your famous Special Formula Body Massage Cream, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied, my money will be refunded.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

FREE

A large size jar of Special Formula Body Massage Cream will be included FREE with your order for the "Spot Reducer."



Greatest Value Ever Offered To *OUR* Readers!

Beautiful Smooth Grain

*** ZIPPER BILLFOLD**

Smartly Styled Precision

*** BALL POINT PEN**

Handiest Pencil Type

*** POCKET FLASHLIGHT**

Monogram Initialed

*** PLASTIC KEY HOLDER**

All for only
\$1.98

It "Zips" All the Way Around



**De Luxe
Quality**

**Clear-
View
Celluloid
Windows**

**MASTERPIECE of
BILLFOLD Design
and Workmanship**

**Pencil-Type
METAL POCKET
FLASHLIGHT**
complete with
**2 BURGESS
BATTERIES**

**This is
ACTUAL
SIZE**

**BALL
POINT
PEN**

**Newest
Features**
Precision-tip

**Monogram
Initialed
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Pliable Plastic

**Flashlight has red
plastic reflector for
use as a warning signal**

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1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.**

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Give the one INITIAL wanted on Key Holder

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

☐ To save shipping charges I enclose \$1.98 plus 15c tax in advance (total \$2.13). Ship my order, as indicated, all postage charges prepaid.

THEY HAVE FOLLOWED THEIR
CURSED MASTER... *TO OBLIVION!*
AND NOW...

